HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. I.—NO. 1.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1857. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

THE tardy officials of the States have at length completed their task of canvassing the votes given at the recent election. The result stands thus:

Buchanan	1,859,766
Fremont	1,336,815
Filmore	870,146
Total	4,066,727

Over four millions of votes, cast in a few hours, have thus determined to a certain extent the destiny and policy of the nation for the next four years—no small or inconsiderable portion of the active life of any single generation. When the next cycle of our political existence shall arrive, how many of the active parties to the recent conflict will have disappeared from the arena? Some will have withdrawn to other pursuits, some will be consigned to obscurity by their fickle masters, others will have been called to a different state of being, by that imperious voice which brooks no delay, and knows no disobedience. For how many is this their last Presidential contest! Let us stand, then, for a moment, and in this breathing pause of our rushing existence endeavor to take in the full sense of this great popular verdict—a verdict without appeal, without new trial.

Four millions of active, intelligent, free citizens have united in this judgment. No such spectacle has ever been presented since the world began to revolve. Universal suffrage is no novelty. Rome knew it; Greece knew it; France pretends to know it. But no country on which the sun ever looked down presented the same amount of freedom and intelligence as that which, in the main, characterizes the voters of the United States. Frauds are committed here, numbers of uneducated citizens vote there; but, as a whole, the suffrage of the American Republic is free, honest, intelligent, and it is *universal*. The demagogue and the political trickster may sing their peans on this theme, but no demagogue and no trickster can by any hyperbole of language exaggerate the magnitude of the fact. A great people—rich, powerful, intelligent—governs itself by consulting the universal voice of its citizens, and that voice is obeyed as soon as heard.

The canvass has been angry and excited to an unusual degree. At no time within the memory of the present generation have the topics involved been more exciting, nor the discussion of them more irritating and inflammatory; and yet, how complete is the calm that succeeds the gale! Four millions of votes cast—neither candidate in a majority—the minority numbering upward of one million and a quarter of ardent, disappointed, and dissatisfied men; and yet no more resistance to the decree than if it were the award of Fate itself! No struggle, no complaint; no insulting exultations on the part of the majority; no humiliation or vindictiveness on the part of the minority. The one party receives its triumph, the other party receives its defeat, with the temper and dignity of freemen. If this be not a spectacle honorable to the national character—if it be not one gratifying to the lover of his race—if it be not congratulatory to the reader of the blood-begrimed pages of history, then we should be glad to see one more so furnished by our rivals of the elder world. We claim it as an honor, not for this party nor for that party, but as a credit to our national character—a credit to our national system of government. It proves that the thing works well.

In truth and in fact, the election is not the triumph of a party. It *results* in the triumph of a party, but it is the triumph of a far higher thing. It is the triumph of a principle, and that principle is the principle lying at the basis of free government—the only principle on which a free system, as opposed to systems of force or of class, can exist—the principle of peaceful arrangement of contending forces and interests—the principle, in a word, of COMPROMISE.

It is the fashion of young and ardent minds to look with contempt on the idea of compromise. To them it seems to involve dishonor; and in the heat of conflict graver and more thoughtful voices have sometimes pronounced "the day of compromises to be past." But those are the mere utterances of inexperience, or of vexation. When the day of compromises passes away, the day of force and violence begins; when the sun of compromise in this country shall set, it will rise on a scene of civil conflict, and, in all probability, of bloody strife.

This is obvious. In private affairs, in the determination of matters of private life, compromises may or may not involve a departure from principle; sometimes they do—sometimes they do not. In matters of private duty there is a common standard of right, a common arbiter of morality to which all Christians appeal and submit. But in public affairs, in the management of national concerns, compromise is the only possible alternative that can take the place of force. If compromise fails, force must settle it; when compromise goes out, force stalks in. This is the history of the world. All great systems have been carried on, every thing that is great in the organization of governments has been accomplished by large intellects capable of sufficient strength and sufficient courage to stem opposing tides. Whenever great disasters have occurred, it has been owing to the rejection of this idea, or because narrow and passionate minds have assumed the helm. The revolutions of the world which have changed its destiny form hardly an exception. Where they have succeeded, it has been because they have been, like our own, under the guidance of sagacious men, who desired compromise and were forced into conflict. Such a man was Washington; such a man was Luther.

Look at it in relation to religious affairs. In France, in the 16th century, for fifty years the Catholics had control of the government, and resisted all idea of toleration. For fifty years the country was desolated with a succession of civil wars, until a great man arose, and Henry IV. compromised the question by the Edict of Nantes. That edict gave France a century of repose and order, until his royal grandson, Louis XIV., repealed it in 1689. The immediate consequence was the war of the Cevennes, the more remote that overweening power of the Church, which, in a greater degree than any thing else, led to the French Revolution.

In that Revolution again the wise men of the time sought a compromise between the principle of despotism and the principle of absolute freedom. It was rejected, scouted, derided. What followed? Seventy years of war, murder, rapine, revolution; and now, at the end of those seventy years, the gallant nation is borne down by a tyranny more ignoble than any that preceded it.

On the other hand, look at England. What has made the career of that people so steady and so successful? It is compromise all over—compromise all the time—compromise every where. Their Church—how well Macaulay has put it—is a compromise between the new and the old systems of faith. Politically, their system is a compromise between feudalism, as stiff and haughty as that of Simon de Montfort, and a democratic element as wild and much more savage than our own. They compromise all the time. They cut off Charles the First's head by way of wholesome warning, and compromise on William of Orange. In this century the people lifts its formidable head, and before it gets fairly awake they compromise on the Reform Bill. Ireland, misgoverned, outraged, starved, appeals to the world, and the question is compromised by Maynooth grants, and all sorts of soothing and pacifying measures. The only time in her long career that England has not known how to compromise was in regard to this country, and she paid for it by a loss and a sense of humiliation from which she has never yet recovered.

In regard to our republic, it is loss of time to show how eminently, how completely it grows out of, how it depends on, how it exists by compromise, and by compromise alone. If ever there was a country to which the idea applies it is this. Look at the wonderful richness, and also the amazing incongruity of our compound elements. Our climate reaches from an arctic to a tropic zone; our productions are as various. We raise ice at the extreme North; the extreme South sends sugars and oranges. At one extreme of the country the soil is tilled by the hardy offspring of the pure Anglo-Saxon stock; at the other three millions of African descent patiently cultivate the earth; while into our capacious bosom pour eternal tides of Celts, Teutons, Scandinavians, Magyars—Irish, French, Germans, Swedes, Hungarians. Our religions differ as much. Every form of Christianity, every sect into which the great Church is divided finds here its representatives; from the conservative Catholic to the innovating Unitarian, every phase of religious opinion is represented; while on the outskirts of our vast empire temples are raised to the impure deity of the Mormon faith, and the stocks and stones of Chinese idolatry. Such are our elements. In climate, production, industry, race, religion—in every possible aspect in which man can be viewed we present a diversity, an incongruity that no mind can take in, no pen adequately describe. And we would be glad to know, if this people, so various, so unlike, so opposite, is not to be governed on the principle of compromise, on what principles is it to be ruled?

This election has brought out in bolder relief than has ever been shown before, the true seat of the conservative element and governing power of the Union. The preponderance of numbers is in the Free States. But the controlling voice of the country lies in the great belt of Middle States stretching from the Atlantic to the Mississippi—New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois. The States of the Northeast, from their peculiarities of origin, climate, industry, and production, represent the extreme of one set of opinions; the States of the South and Southwest, from *their* peculiarities of origin, climate, industry, and production, represent the extreme of another set of opinions. The difference makes itself most manifest at this moment in regard to Slavery, but it has been so ever since the origin of the Government. Upon the very question of the organization of the Government, in the successive controversies growing out of the old European war, the embargo act, the war with England, the tariff, the bank, the annexation of Texas, and the war with Mexico, the same antagonism of opinion will be found between the States of the Northeast as a whole, and the States of the South and Southwest as a whole. Sometimes the line is broken here, or the unity disturbed there. New Hampshire may be Democratic—Louisiana or Tennessee may be Whiggish, but, as a whole, it is an undeniable truth that these two extreme sections of the country have always been arrayed against each other as the antagonistic representatives of two extreme sets of opinions.

Between these stand the powerful States of the centre, bound over to keep the peace themselves by the very necessities of their position, and by those same necessities made stanch and unswerving representatives of the great ideas of Compromise and Union. A majority may swell here and diminish there. This time the whole country hung in suspense on the decision of Pennsylvania, and the result now makes it probable that no member of the dominant party, except a citizen of Pennsylvania, as prominent and popular as the President elect, could have been chosen. Another time the result will depend on New York, or some other of her sisters of the centre. But it is most manifest that in the heart of the country, as it should be, lies the great conservative element of our national existence.

What, then, does the election show? Does it show a preponderance of one party, as such, over the others? The figures give any assertion of the kind a flat contradiction. The election is, as we have said, the triumph of no party. It is the triumph of the principles of Compromise and Union. It is a declaration by the conservative governing power of the country, that the vast interests embraced under this Government can be preserved on no other principle than that of harmony and concession—that the country can not be safely surrendered to the control of any abstract dogmas or principles—that as we have existed, so we must continue to exist. It is a renewal of the solemn league and covenant of 1787.

In this decision the great Middle States have been conspicuous; the State majorities of Pennsylvania, Indiana, and Illinois, and the Congressional district majorities, almost equally important, of New York and Ohio, have determined the question. Whether right or wrong in their judgment, the future alone can declare—but no one can doubt that this decision has been governed by a devotion to the great ideas of fraternity and union.

We entertain no doubt that with an immense majority of the American people, North, South, East, or West, attachment to the Union is the paramount idea. The Union is only another name for freedom, progress, and civilization, and as such it is regarded.

That the Union is to be an eternal Government, no one will venture to say: whether its existence will be of long duration, depends on our wisdom and virtue, under the government of the Great Power who, for his beneficent purposes, permitted it to be formed. It is already threatened by that intense love of gain, which is the peculiar vice of our age, which has sapped the source of our public virtue, and has lowered the character of our public men; it is threatened by the local jealousies of communities, by the local ambition of individuals, by the violent and reckless exponents of extreme opinions in all parts of the country, by the abolitionists of the North, by the advocates of the opening of the slave-trade at the South, by a portion of the press, by a portion, we are sorry to say, of the voices from the pulpit. These are centrifugal forces, in estimating the probable duration of the Union not to be overlooked or despised. How long they will be kept in check by that prodigious centripetal attraction which now predominates so triumphantly, it is impossible to predict. The day may perchance come when, gradually prepared for separation, the States shall peaceably, wisely, fraternally agree to divide their common interests and to organize separate administrations.

But at present any division would be like that which the lightning makes when it rends the oak. It would be death to both the fragments. He who thinks that a peaceable separation of the Union could now be made, is blindly ignorant of the true state of the country. Neither North nor South, East nor West, would agree about any thing. We should not agree either as a whole or as separate parts. We could not agree upon the seat of government, nor on the division of the navy, nor on the appropriation of our custom-house revenues. A separation of the Union now, involves a total and entire reconstruction of two, or perhaps half a dozen, entirely new, distinct, and independent governments; and before this shall be accomplished, it involves troubles, distress, and disaster, the like of which no eye has seen, on this continent at least. It involves fraternal discord and internecine war. It involves the beggary of the rich, and the ruin of the fair; the oppression of the middling, and the abasement of the humble. It involves the trampling under hoof of harvests, and the sack of cities. It involves a universal degradation and brutalization of all ranks and all classes.

This, then, is the idea of the election—it is Compromise and Union. It is a bold and united front to foreign powers; it is harmony and concession within. It is a protest against the ultraism of all quarters, against the extreme opinions of all sections. Whether the result will prove that this spirit has taken the proper form and shape, God and the future alone can tell. But nothing short of mere partisan jealousy can refuse to find ground for confidence in the fact that the great executive powers of the country are to be wielded for the next four years by a man of approved experience and unquestioned sagacity, as familiar with the Old World as he is with his own; selected from one of the great conservative States of the centre, removed by his local position, his age, and his experience, from the extreme opinions of the ultras of all parties, and whose only possible real interest is to connect his name with the greatness, the progress, and the happiness of the American people. If under these circumstances the paramount result of Union, tranquil, prosperous Union, shall not be attained, why, at the end of four years, with our habitual good-humor, perseverance, and pluck—we will try it again.

THE FAMILY, THE CHURCH, AND THE STATE.

There are at least three institutions among men which, however modified by extraneous circumstances, are necessarily imperishable. These are the Family, the Church, and the State. They arose in the world in the order in which they are named, and their value may be indicated by this order; if, indeed, there is in one any superiority over either of the others. In our journal we shall strenuously defend the integrity of these three cardinal institutions. The essential element of the Family is the union of one man with one woman in holy marriage; and whenever this condition is violated the family is vitiated. The essential element of the Church is the worship of a Supreme Being by the family, or a number of individuals influenced by the same spirit of devotion, looking ultimately to a future life of happiness with the Divine Being whom they worship. This worship may be enlightened or superstitious, and, of course, its influence on the mass of worshipers will be according to the spirit and intelligence of their religious service. The essential element of the State is government, which consists in laws for the guidance of social and public conduct, and for protecting and rewarding the good, and detecting and punishing the bad. What is to be considered good or bad in social and public conduct will depend very much upon the moral and mental condition of the community, and the external circumstances under which it exists.

It will be seen at a glance that the Family, the Church, and the State mutually and powerfully influence each other, and that their aggregate fruits constitute the civilization of any people. As our paper proposes to be a *Journal of Civilization*, we should criminally fail if we did not illustrate the relations of the Family to the Church and the State, and the relations of the Church to the Family and to the State, and the relations of the State to the Family and the Church, and note their conduct toward each other in every country, and thus estimate the influence which one exerts upon the other in any country in its progress in civilization. Civilization may exist in low degrees where the Family is vitiated, the Church corrupted, and the State made an instrument of wrong and oppression; but a high degree of civilization can exist only where the Family is sacred, the Church spiritual and enlightened, and the State just, generous, and vigorous in her policy and administration.

There are, at least, two classes of men who are opposed, not only to the predominant influence of any particular church, but are also opposed to a strong influence of the religious element in general. The first class are the irreligious, who maintain that man has no interests to attend to beyond the grave; the second class are the indifferent, who wish to make the religious element of society simply an auxiliary to the political. Both these classes admit that the religious element is a power in society, but they wholly undervalue its strength.

A glance at the last century will recall the wide-spread and powerful efforts made by the first men in Europe, and a few such in America, to destroy or subsidize the religious element in society. By some it was believed, and by others it was feared that they would succeed. As indexes to this hostile movement, we may mention the leading literary men of England and France; and among rulers of nations, Joseph II., of Austria; Frederick the Great, of Prussia; Catharine II., of Russia. Rarely has history so promptly and so undoubtedly corrected the error of a century. If these leading spirits in the movement of the last century to destroy the religious element of society could to-day return and survey their respective countries, they would find that the religious idea had taken a deeper hold of society, and was exerting a wider and more permanent influence in the progress of civilization than at any former period. In our *Journal of Civilization*, therefore, we must point out the various aspects and relations of the Family, the Church, and the State, to each other in their actual working together in the same communities or nations. This will not lead us into the discussion of theological or ecclesiastical questions, only in so far as they take outward and visible form in society, and thus become a part of its civilization. We will not investigate the inner life of any particular church, or the Church in general, but only her social and political aspects and relations considered externally to the communities or countries in which these may occur. We desire and intend that our survey in this respect shall be complete, and as comprehensive as the present intercourse among the nations of the earth will permit. We shall lay all sources of information in all countries and, in all languages under contribution, as far as is practicable. Fortunately, the most civilized portions of the earth are open to observation, for they are the Christian nations. But these differ in the character and degrees of their civilization, and this difference, we judge, arises chiefly from the differences in the action of the Family and the Church upon community. The influence of the Family and the Church upon civilization in Mohammedan and Pagan lands is not so open to our view. We find, however, clearly this one great fact, that the civilization of these lands is greatly inferior to the civilization of Christian countries. Indeed, civilization can hardly be said to exist beyond the limits of Christian influences. Beyond Christian lands all nations are at a stand-still, and many are sickly and decaying, and seem to be passing away. The Christian missions propose to revive, recover, and preserve these old unchristian nations. What a glorious proposition is thus presented to the faith of the Church, and how deeply is the State interested in her success? We shall at present only indicate the elements of success in this great mission of the Christian world. There is old Europe, with its wealth and science, and its two hundred millions of inhabitants; here is our own country, which in a few generations will exceed Europe; there is British India, with her one hundred and fifty millions of people, penetrated by English civilization, and awaking to life by English improvements and commerce; hoary Africa is now being approached on all sides by Christian influences: Northern Asia is beginning to feel the influence of the Christian institutions of Russia; and even China and Japan are beginning to recede from their former exclusiveness, and admit not only Christian commerce but Christian missions also. We shall be called to note the influence of these numerous and powerful Christian forces upon the civilization of these distant and dark places of the earth, as well as to point out more particularly and frequently the relations and influences of the Church in the several Christian countries upon the progress of civilization in them respectively.

DEAR WOMAN.

"Let our toast be dear woman," hiccups the maudlin Anacreon, who, you may rest assured, is a bachelor. If he had to pay the cost, he would probably sing to another tune. The sentimental characteristics of the female sex just now are so overwhelmed by their expensive attributes that we hope we may be pardoned when we confess that the toast of "dear woman" suggests to our calculating instincts a question of dollar and cents. What does a *dear* woman cost? is an inquiry very ungallant, perhaps, to make, but it is one very pertinent at the present time, and by no means unimportant to our social well-being.

We are a nation of shop-keepers, and none the worse for that, notwithstanding the imperial sneer of Napoleon. It is very important, then, for us to sustain a good commercial name; and to do this, we must take care that the debit does not overbalance the credit account in our ledgers. If we allow too large a margin for our expenses, we shall be sure, whatever may be the profits of dry-goods and hardware, to fall short in the final account with our creditors or our conscience. Our rapidly expanding wealth admits of greatly increased expenditure, and, doubtless, much of the luxurious display which glitters every where in our eyes is honestly come by on the part of its exultant exhibitors; a great deal of it, however, is more than can be well afforded, and will surely lead to unhappiness and dishonor.

There is no more marked phase of the prevailing prodigality than the extravagance of the female toilet. That the rich should spend their wealth is naturally to be expected, but it would be well if it were spent in such a way as not to vulgarize the tastes and demoralize the character of their fellow-citizens. The expenditure of the opulent, particularly that of woman, is too personal in its character, and necessarily leads to imitation. If the wealthy dame will persist in making a show of her riches upon her person, her less opulent rival will not be outdone in expense, even if she should break her back or her husband by its weight. There is such a spirit of intense competition in the female heart that no consequences will deter a woman from an effort to equal a rival in personal attractions, which the female sex will persist in thinking depend upon the richness of their adornments.

If, however, women dressed to please their male admirers, they might lessen their ambitious rivalry, and diminish their bills at Stewart's and Dieden's, for it is the universal sentiment of *man*kind that "beauty when unadorned is adorned the most," and that even homeliness gains nothing by being richly set. There is not one man out of a hundred who has not "dealt in the article" who is conscious of the difference between Brussels and cotton lace, or silk and calico. All that the most fastidious male admirer will insist upon, is that propriety of female dress which comes from suitableness and harmony of color, neatness of fit and perfectness of detail. There is nothing so charming to a cultivated man as the exhibition on a woman's dress of a refined taste, exercised in the simplest materials. A plain calico neatly made and cunningly trimmed, with the nice proprieties of a pure white collar, a hand well gloved, and a foot *bien chaussée*, is the drapery the most provocative of admiration the male observer is conscious of.

Women, however, do not dress to attract the opposite sex, but their own. Men admire in female attire the becoming, but women the costly. It is to catch the knowing woman's eye, which can tell at a glance the difference between the cheap and expensive, that our Junos spread out their fine feathers. Cheap calicos are eschewed for moire antiques, cotton for Valenciennes lace, and twenty-dollar French shawls for thousand-dollar Cashmeres, and for no better reason than because cheap is cheap, and dear is dear, and sharp-sighted woman is conscious of the difference, and admires the wearer accordingly.

It is astounding to what an extent this passion for expense in female dress is carried. Let us count the items. There is the jewelry, which may amount to any sum from one to a hundred thousand dollars; and in the case under consideration—for we are not drawing upon our imagination—it does amount to ten thousand. There are the laces, with the multiple varieties of Valenciennes, Chantilly, points d'Alençon, and *appliqué*, enveloping, under the forms of vails, collars, sleeves, handkerchiefs, flounces, and insertions, the fluttering insect of fashion in a web that would have puzzled the skill of Arachne to have woven. When a single vail often costs a hundred dollars, and a pocket handkerchief half that amount, it will not be extravagant if the stock of our fashionable lady's laces is put down at two thousand dollars. Twelve hundred will be a moderate computation for the two sets of furs—a dark Russian sable at one thousand, and an ordinary mink at two hundred. Then there are the three India Cashmere shawls, amounting to fifteen hundred at least. As for the dresses, since they go on increasing in expansiveness, until they bid fair to outswell the dome of St. Peter's, it is difficult to embrace them within an estimate, or, in fact, within any thing of fixed proportions. Say, however, that there are fifty—each containing at least twenty yards of stuff—some of moire antique or stamped velvet, and others of the simplest material, the most expensive of which may have cost a hundred and fifty, and the least so, twenty dollars; this would give, at an average of fifty dollars the dress, the sum of twenty-five hundred dollars for fifty dresses. Fifty is no exaggerated number, if we can believe the boast of a fashionable dame, that she can open each day of the year with a new robe; and it is a well-authenticated fact that she did give, last season, at a fashionable watering-place, so far a proof of the teeming pregnancy of her wardrobe as to bring to light two new dresses a day for twenty-one successive days. To complete our lady's toilet, there are her cloaks at four hundred, her six hats at twenty-five dollars each, and various smaller details of dress, which may be put down at a hundred dollars or so. Now for the sum total:

Jewelry	$10,000
Laces	2,000
Furs	1,200
Shawls	1,500
Dresses	2,500
Cloaks	400
Hats	100
Etc.	150
Total	$17,850

To love such a woman may not be, as Steele said of a charming person of his day, a liberal education, but to possess her is undoubtedly a very pretty little fortune. We have taken, perhaps, an extreme case, but it is a genuine one, derived from real life, and will serve to show the standard of female expense, which, if not always reached, is more or less approximated, and universally aspired to.

Examples of prodigality are found every where, but we conscientiously believe they are more frequent with us, and have a greater influence upon the general taste and habits of the people. Such examples should be avoided by the rich for their vulgarity, and by the poor for their danger.

HOW SHALL WE BEAUTIFY OUR LIFE?

The common charge that we Americans are intently and intensely devoted to the acquisition of money is not as true as our calumniators claim, nor as false as our apologists affirm. It is true enough, however, to humble our towering pride, and to excite our fears lest we should sacrifice the substance of life to its shadow. If our countrymen were energetic only in business, we might be open to the heavy charge that is so often laid at our door. But the fact is, we are brimful of vitality in other things besides those of Mammon; our energy moves along various parallel lines, one of which is money; and hence to call us by the name of Mammon-worshipers because of this earnestness in worldly pursuits is about as foolish as to take the length of a man's arm for the measurement of his body.

We do not believe that American life is the dull, dreary thing which it is so frequently represented to be in current literature. Compared with certain forms of European life it may so appear; and, doubtless, if a butterfly had faculties of observation and judgment the strong sweep of the eagle's wing and the fixed gaze of his eye would seem to be a heavy and monotonous affair. There is an unmistakable seriousness underlying all our exhibitions of character, a deep-seated thoughtfulness that mind reflects on manner, which rarely fail to show themselves in every department of American society. These attributes must interfere with that mercurial sort of vitality which is fitted to express gay spirits and quick accommodation to fitful circumstances. But we can not have the agility of the squirrel and the muscle of the lion together. Life admits of many diversities. There is one beauty of the willow, another of the magnolia, another of the live-oak; and so the elements of happiness, like those of beauty, vary in different organizations. The truth we have to learn is, not to force ourselves into other people's ways and imitate their modes, but to believe in our own nature, and make the best of that we can. Of all the abuses of what phrenology calls imitativeness, that is the most ridiculous which follows others in their particular channels of happiness. Each man is to build his own world out of himself, as much so as the silk-worm spins its own cocoon. You may rent another man's house, but you can not occupy his "mansion of happiness."

There is a growing sense among our countrymen to elevate human life, and to bring a wider reach of attainments within its grasp. There is a struggle for something better. We are giving more thought to the question, "How shall we live?" and though not a few are philosophizing themselves into moonshine, and others experimenting to extract beatitudes out of vegetables, yet the spirit of higher aspirations and nobler aims is certainly at work.

Where shall we begin to beautify our life? The best point to start from is simplicity. It is a great intellectual quality; it is a grand moral virtue. To be simple-minded is to be in a position to learn, and to be simple-hearted is to have access to all the love in the universe. This simplicity keeps alive the childhood of the soul, and makes every day a fresh gift from heaven. How the senses live in it! How the spirit cherishing its glad freedom, and content with its abounding consciousness, has a patrimony of blessedness in its infinite joy! Now this simplicity is just what we need. For we act as if we believed that a man must own a little of every thing to be rich, and enjoy a share of every thing before he can be respectably happy. We are idolators of the much. Far wiser would it be to cultivate the simplicity which expands the little within easy reach into a great deal, and by having a big heart, enlarges all that comes into it to the measure of its own capacity. Intelligent and living simplicity would cure half of our follies. It would convert our fops into gentlemen, and our fashionable belles into well-behaved women. It would build us such houses as had ideas in them as well as freestone. It would give us social festivities that would look higher than the cork of a wine-bottle. And perchance we might be patriotic, without imagining that the thirty-one States were crowded with heroes worthy to vie with demi-gods. Above all else, a genuine simplicity would tend to diminish that excessive regard for circumstances, which so often occupies American mind to the exclusion of veneration for character. Acting thus on us, it would soon show itself in outward life, breathing the spirit of Art beyond the immediate sphere of Art itself, and exalting us to the enjoyment of such pleasures as Nature offers to those who, by refinement and purity, are capable of appreciating her as the work of infinite beauty.

Life may be beautified by well-directed efforts to improve the society of home. We say well-directed efforts, for few there are among parents who have just that peculiar wisdom and temper which give the right tone to domestic character. Sympathy with children is a great means of cultivating the sense of moral and social beauty; it is such a pure and unmixed emotion, so singularly free from fictitious elements, so spontaneous in its lightsome activity, that generous nature has ample scope in it for her best instincts. The happiness of childhood is born within itself, and by entering into its gladness we learn the lesson which age is so apt to forget, that the mere consciousness of existence is a fruitful source of pleasure. Then, too, the various offices of home, while they exert a potent influence by the duties springing from such intimate relationship, are yet more effective in the higher culture of character by the outgoings of that delicate, quiet, appreciative spirit, which seeks to adjust look, tone, and manner to the aspects of the family circle. Then, too, the calm of home, what a mighty power! We lose the inspirations of nature for want of tranquillity. Out into the fields and beneath the skies we carry eager, restless, turbulent thoughts; but the fireside breathes repose, and because of this, images of beauty and love rise from its hours of stillness and charm us heavenward.

THE BIG OVEN.

A Mr. Berdan has in successful operation in Brooklyn a gigantic bakery, which can turn five hundred barrels of flour daily into a proportionate number of loaves of bread. This enormous production is effected by means of an ingenious machinery, which its inventor is sanguine enough to anticipate will supersede the ordinary process of baking, by supplying us with better and cheaper bread, a great desideratum in a country where, with all its fertility of natural production, manufactured food is almost the worst and dearest in the world. On reference to the letter of our Italian correspondent it will be seen that a certain Signor Peruzzi, of Florence, has also succeeded in the application of machinery to bread baking. Will our American inventor have to divide the honors with the Florentine noble?

A PARTY of New York young ladies were engaged reading German poetry a few evenings since, when one of their number proposed that they should translate a piece, each by turn contributing a line. The following pretty lines, which are a translation of Heinrich Heine's *Rothe Pantoffeln*, was the result of their amusement. The moral will please all the *papas* who read it.

THE WHITE MOUSE.

A wicked cat, quite gray and hoary,
A shoemaker's wife, so goes the story,
Displayed in her case, to admiring eyes,
Gay-colored slippers of every size.
Morocco, kid, and velveteen—
The prettiest slippers that ever were seen—
Trimmed with ribbons so bright and gay,
As tempted all who passed that way.

But by far the sweetest thing that was there
Was a cunning little scarlet pair.
Many a maiden who passed through the street
Longed for that pair for her tiny feet.

A little white mouse of high degree
These tempting slippers chanced to see.
She stood a while, then turned again
To look once more through the window-pane;
And thought, if she only could pay the price,
How these shoes would astonish her fellow-mice.

"Good-morrow, Mother Puss," she said,
"I greatly admire your slippers red.
If you'll give them to me at a moderate price,
I'll pay it, and carry them off in a trice."

The cat exclaimed: "Young maiden fair,
I pray you come in and examine the pair.
Deign to honor my humble house
With the presence of so distinguished a mouse.
Ladies fair and of high degree
Do often come to visit me.
I give you the slippers, and leave you to say,
When you see how they fit, what you're willing to pay."

With a bow profound she ushered her in,
Craftily stroking her whiskered chin.
And so this poor little innocent mouse
Stepped fearlessly into the murderer's house.
On the fatal bench she took her seat,
Modestly showing her little feet
To try the shoe. You seldom find
Such innocence and grace combined.

When lo! on a sudden this monster fierce,
With murderous claws her neck did pierce,
And bit off that poor little innocent head.
"Ah ha! little creature, you're now quite dead.
The scarlet red slippers for you I will save,
And place them carefully over your grave,
Until the last trumpet sends forth its call,
For you, little mouse, as well as for all.
And when, like the rest, you rise from the dead,
You then shall put on the shoes scarlet red."

MORAL.

Now listen to me, little innocent mice,
Don't allow worldly vanities you to entice.
Better go barefoot, remember that,
Than to buy your shoes of a wicked old cat.

CHAT.

WE are in the midst of the Holidays—those blessed institutions for the repose of over-tasked man, and the joy of ever-buoyant youth. How seasonably they come, to brighten with their light of gladness the dull winter's weather, and to warm us with the cheerful blaze of fireside delight! How the feeling of home pervades the season! The cares of business give way to the festive preparation, the barter and sale to the gift and liberal charity, and all is love, friendship, and benevolence.

Memory brings up again the past. That "star which shone in Bethlehem" is shedding its holy light upon our hearts, prophetic of the coming joy—the merry Christmas; and a merry Christmas be it to all! Winter is cold, but the heart is warm, in spite of frost, and wind, and driving snow, for it is nestling in the bosom of home; and how it quickens into life by the fervid embrace! All is now gayety and merriment. The care-worn face of business brightens into a glad countenance of happy expectation. The hurried and uncertain step of eager pursuit after gain is changed into the brisk and confident advance to the outstretched arms of home; for there all is love and faith, undimmed by the least "shadow of turning."

The boys are at home for the holidays; the girls have a respite from the piano and the *ologies;* papa comes home early, and mamma will, like another Cornelia, value her children as her best jewels, and, foregoing the coveted diamonds, not go to any of the dozen parties of the week. It is a busy season indoors, and therefore turn the key on banker and broker and milliner, for there is no time now to count up money or dress for fashion. It is not gain, it is not display, it is only happiness we seek; and where can it be found but at home?

"We are going to have a Christmas-tree! Hurrah, boys!" exclaims Johnny, our eldest, who, by virtue of seniority and the indulgence of these holiday times, sat up so late the other night that he became cognizant of the paternal dodge of smuggling—with the connivance of the butcher's boy—a young giant of the forest through our kitchen door! Of course there was no longer any hope of keeping the secret, and the only consolation for the defeat of our artful stratagem comes in the reflection that if Johnny had not found it out, his mother would have been sure to have told him; for, as she avers, "I can keep a secret as well as any woman, but I couldn't have postponed the dear boy's pleasure." The tree, a vigorous spruce sapling (in Germany, whence we derive the custom which has taken such deep root in the fertile heart of our youth, they use the pine), is planted firm into its bed—a wooden box, artfully covered with green baize—and now springing from the verdant sod of cloth, stretches its branches so provokingly tree-like toward the parlor windows, that the canary bird hanging there is in a flutter of delightful excitement, as if awakened into some dim traditional idea of freedom and the woods. . . . . . The lingering day is at last departing, howling as it goes, and throwing a gloomy shadow behind its retreating steps. The long-expected night has arrived. It is Christmas-eve, rung in by the merry chimes of children's laughter, and welcomed by the joyous hearts of all. Shut out the boisterous, scowling winter, rattle it ever so loud at the closed casements; let down the curtains; throw wide the folding-doors, and look!—if the brilliant blaze of light will let you look—there's the Christmas-tree, with its rich stores of silver and gold, and fruit and bonbons, and wondrous toys, and endless nicknacks, reflected a hundred times and in a hundred gorgeous colors, bright with the flames of a hundred candles, in the delighted eyes of all, young or old. There never was such a tree for fruit! The exuberance of universal nature and art is hanging from its branches; so open your eyes, boys and girls; stretch wide your mouths and your hands and arms, for all is yours, and is ready to drop into your eager grasp. Be happy, but don't forget to be thankful. Do we of a larger growth not see in our children's Christmas-tree an emblem of the beneficent fertility of nature? We have reason in the bounty we enjoy for a perpetual holiday, so let us always make merry if we can, and forget not to be thankful too.

There are attractions also abroad. There is Thalberg flitting about the country, and subduing all hearts by the gentle power of those sensitive fingers, which pass over the keys like a summer's wind upon the strings of a harp, evoking such music as tames the rudest temper. Never were the essentially spasmodic and *jerky* pulsations of the piano so softened into a continuous strain of harmony as by his masterly touch. The caricaturist acknowledges the skill of Thalberg, and confesses it to be beyond the sting of his sarcasm, when, taking refuge in a compliment, he contents himself with representing the great pianist as double-handed. This is significant of his merit, which consists in perfect control of the instrument, and that ease of execution which always belongs to power. Thalberg's calm and subdued manners—the type of the finished man of the world—at first chill the enthusiast; but the apparent coldness is but the self-restraint of force, which soon reveals itself in a full, deep, and therefore calm stream of melody. The Opera, with its empty boxes, echoes but now and then with a few faint voices, for Lagrange has migrated to sunnier climates, and is warbling to the warmer hearts of tropical Cuba.

We find, however, in an artist of genuine native growth more than compensation for the loss of exotic *maestros* and *prima donnas*. It is Palmer the sculptor, who, but a few years ago a journeyman carpenter, comes from Albany, without stopping at Rome or Florence by the way, and invites us in our own Broadway to look, and look again, and wonder, at bust, medallion, and statue, the creations of unaided power, such as academic art might in vain hope to rival. Palmer is a man of genius, and already his name is joined to that of the galaxy of native sculptors—the Powers, Greenoughs, Crawfords, and others—of whom we Americans boast with such consciousness of pride. He is the first modern sculptor who has dared to build his creative fancies upon a homely Anglo-Saxon basis. His works appeal to the popular heart, for they are the heightened expression of the familiar nature of our own race. He has boldly fled the cold, classical Greek type, and warms our hearts with the ideal purity of Christian love and home affection. His chief power is in expression, and his faces beam with such a sweetness, angelic in its elevation but human in its sympathy, as never before smiled in cold marble.

"*Bibliotheca splendidissima*—sumptuous collection of books—superbly bound illustrated works—water-color drawings by David Cox, Eastlake, Cattermole, and Westall—*Original Sketch-books of Sir Joshua Reynolds*—Illuminated Missals" (*vide* catalogue). Here is a dainty feast, fit to set before a king, and just now thrown open to the sovereign people, where each could pick, and choose, and buy—if he had the money. Such a luxury of literature and art offered for sale and bought in these United States, betokens a progress in taste which those who are exercising their wit and expending their laborious censure upon the supposed grossness of our habits would do well to ponder. Our men of wealth are becoming such competitors in Europe for the purchase of all that is choice in literature and rare in art, that the critics abroad are snarling at the eagerness of our connoiseurs. The London *Athenæum*, apropos to the purchase of the Reynolds' Sketch-books at the poet Rogers' sale in London, says: "For our collectors and our government institutions to let these works pass away to New York for the sum of guineas seems an unaccountable apathy." But they did pass away notwithstanding, and now again, under the hammer of the auctioneer, they make another migration, but not to distant lands, for a sum in dollars, said to be $195. Three thin note-books, bound in dirty vellum, which would have been almost scorned by the rag-picker, and long before this, if they had fallen in his way, been handed over to the merciless mash of the paper-maker's vat, are all that these famous Sketch-books appear outwardly to the eye. Open them, and still, to the casual observer, the dirty papers reveal but a variety of pencil scratches, confused scrawls, and smutty stains. These are, however, the free touches of the greatest of England's painters, and are the first instinctive impulses of genius and the inceptions of immortal works. They are, therefore, to be regarded with reverence, and not estimated in value by any price, however great, that may have been paid for them.

There is a movement just now, which is a further indication of the increased recognition among us of cf the claims of art and taste. We allude to the institution of a school of design for women. It is right and proper that the public sympathy should be appealed to and won for so excellent an enterprise. In the fluctuations of ever-changing society with us, there are those of the gentle sex who are thrown out of that social sympathy which is often their only guarantee against want, and sent mercilessly adrift upon the world. For such, deprived of means and friends, it is necessary to devise some plan to secure an independent livelihood. The female school of design promises this, while, by the graceful lessons it will teach, there shall be learned an occupation that is especially in accord with the delicate perceptive faculties and refined nature of woman. How is it that drawing and painting are so seldom among the other multiform accomplishments of our daughters of prosperity? It is not so in England, where every young miss can sketch with the same facility as she can indite a billet-doux. Our women are in want of some occupation to fill the vacuity of their endless leisure. Let them take to Bristol-board and crayon, and though they may not all become Rosa Bonheurs, they will acquire a graceful and useful accomplishment which may serve them in time of need, and will certainly relieve them of some of the satiety of fashionable frivolity.

Our beaux and belles have been turning their superfluous leisure to some account. They have been giving a concert for the benefit of the poor in a Fifth Avenue church, where, a few days since, the much-abused *La Traviata* of Verdi mingled its profane music with the echoes of the Psalms of David of the previous Sabbath. The purpose was better than either the performance or the taste which led to the selection of a church for the trilling of compositions which, however harmless in themselves, have associations which fashion hardly dares to recognize, and religion should certainly scorn. In justification of our remarks, it may be well to remind our readers that the Opera from *Traviata* is based upon Dumas's profligate novel of the *Dame aux Camelias*.

A RHYME FOR THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

BY MARTIN F. TUPPER.

WORLD! what a wonder is this,
Grandly and simply sublime—
All the Atlantic abyss
Leapt in a nothing of time!
Even the steeds of the Sun
Half a day panting behind
In the flat-race that is run—
Won by a flash of the mind.

Lo, on this sensitive link—
It is one link, not a chain—
Man to his brother can think,
Spurning the breadth of the main;
Man to his brother can speak,
Swift as the bolt from a cloud,
And where its thunders were weak
There his least whisper is loud.

Yea: for as Providence wills,
Now doth intelligent man
Conquer material ills,
Wrestling them down as he can;
And, by one weak little coil
Under the width of the waves,
Distance and time are his spoil,
Fettered as Caliban slaves!

Ariel!—right through the sea
We can fly swift as in air;
Puck!—forty minutes shall be
Sloth to the bow that we bear.
Here is Earth's girdle indeed,
Just a thought-circlet of fire—
Delicate Ariel freed
Sings, as she flies, on a wire!

Courage, O servants of light!
For ye are safe to succeed;
Lo, ye are helping the right,
And shall be blest in your deed;
Lo, ye shall bind in one band,
Joining the nations as one,
Brethren of every land—
Blessing them under the sun!

This is Earth's pulse of high health
Thrilling with vigor and heat;
Brotherhood, wisdom, and wealth
Throbbing in every beat.

But ye must watch in good sooth
Lest to false fever it swerve—
Touch it with tenderest truth
As the world's exquisite nerve.

Let the first message across—
High-hearted Commerce, give heed—
Not be of profit or loss,
But one electric indeed—
Praise to the Giver be given
For that He giveth man skill,
Praise to the Great God of Heaven,
Peace upon Earth, and Good-will!

BARON MUNCHAUSEN IN AMERICA.

THE Saxon Penates—the cat, the clock, and the tea-kettle, were dozing about the fire-place. The tea-kettle was singing. Formerly that same kettle was called a toddy-kettle, but then it never sang; who ever heard of a toddy-kettle singing? In those days too, it never had the quiet, respectable appearance which belongs to it now; it sat jauntily on the blazing coals, it puffed fitfully, and if left to itself a while, would give sudden lurches to either side, just like some of those who sat round it. The Chinese and Father Mathew have changed all that, and raised the kettle to its proper position. Like all parvenus, it is but too conscious of the honor conferred upon it, and sits all the evening singing duets with Mrs. Grimalkin, just as if there were nothing to do on earth but to sing and look prim. Mrs. Grimalkin looks very much like the tea-kettle—the tea-kettle looks very much like Mrs. Grimalkin, therefore they are jealous of one another, and both do their best to look very stately; both are ordinarily very grave, though both occasionally spit out their ill temper when left too long at their ease—the Gods of Olympus sometimes quarreled, why not these also, our Fireside Deities!

A sleepy party were the Saxon Penates and myself. Mrs. G., in her comfortable position on the rug, went pur-r-r-r—pur-r-r-r—pur-r-r-r—Mrs. Tea-Kettle went bur-r-r-r—bur-r-r-r—bur-r-r-r—the clock went tick—tick—tick—tick—and I went nid-nod—nodding—nidding, till suddenly the door-bell rang, startling us all from our dozy attitudes. Mrs. G. scratched her left ear with her right paw; Mrs. T. sneezed, turning a big blazing coal that was right under her nose to deep black; the clock struck ten; and I was in the midst of a comfortable yawn, as the door opened and the servant announced

The Baron Munchausen!

I arose to greet my old friend, who advanced with a springy gait and shook my hand cordially. His face glowed with the same good-humor as when we had met last in France; his shining, bald forehead had followed the prevailing mania for annexation, and had encroached considerably on the iron-gray locks that now hung scantily about his ears; rosy red were his head, face, and nose—the last indeed, more like a claret cork in shape and color than any thing else. But every thing about him spoke of good-nature. His gesture, expression of countenance, and dress, all invited one to sit down by a good fire, and have a talk, or, rather, to hear a talk, for the Baron rarely allows his friends time to edge in a single word.

Monongahela was soon substituted for souchong; the cat fled; the clock ceased ticking; the kettle puffed fiercely, and the fire blazed brightly—such was the influence of the atmosphere the Baron carried about him.

As soon as I could get a chance, I said,

"My dear Munchausen, tell me what has happened since last we met, and by what strange accident you have been induced to visit this country?"

The Baron's eyes twinkled with delight as he moved his chair close to mine and commenced the following narration:

"After I had bid you farewell at Cherbourg, I repaired to the Arsenal to meet an officer with whom I was to dine that day. Being extremely fatigued by the long walk I had taken, and on account of the heat of the day, I crept into one of the big guns lying there in order to repose a little. I was hardly in a comfortable position before I fell asleep. Unfortunately, it was precisely upon that day that they were celebrating the birth of a Prince, and at six o'clock they were preparing to fire a salute in honor of the occasion. The guns had been loaded in the morning, and as no one could dream that I was there, wrapped in quiet slumbers, I was suddenly launched with terrible velocity straight across the English Channel. By a miracle I fell upon a haystack on a farm near Southampton, where I remained without awaking, as you may readily imagine, considering the force of the shock

"About three months after this event there was a rise in the price of hay, so that the farmer began selling and cutting away from the stack. I was awakened by the noise of the laborers, who were carting away the hay. Still sleepy, and hardly knowing where I was, I wished to fly, and, in doing so, fell upon the head of the proprietor. I was but slightly injured by the fall, though the unfortunate farmer rested under me dead, I having, in the most innocent way in the world, broken his neck.

The affair created great excitement in the neighborhood, and all the peasantry were de-

lighted to be rid of the miserly old fellow, who always hoarded his grain in seasons of scarcity.

"I immediately published a full account of this adventure; but imagine my astonishment, Sir, when, after a few days, I received a note from an influential London Journal, requesting me to repair at once to the metropolis upon business of importance to myself and the world.

"In four hours I was in London, and in fifteen minutes more closeted with the Editor of the *Lon— ——*"

The Baron drained his glass, coughed, drew his chair close beside mine, arched his eyebrows, and placing his forefinger on his nose, said,

"Hist!"

I histed.

"You Americans are a slandered people, and the editors of the paper referred to wish to have reliable information respecting you, 'therefore, Baron,' said one of them, 'knowing your adventuresome spirit, your high character for veracity, your integrity, and your habits of correct observation, we wish to send you as our Special Correspondent to the United States of America. We wish you to describe what you see as you see it, without tricks of rhetoric or fine writing. You will repair thither by the *Persia*, travel over the country, "peruse the towns," observe the manners of the people, and note your observations.'

"After these instructions I started immediately, and *me voici!*"

I was about to speak, but the Baron immediately resumed: "Sir, I lead a terrible life. I am growing thin, Sir; I am compelled to travel under a feigned name, and all on account of the excitement caused by my last letter, in which I related my adventures on a railway in Georgia. Why, Sir, I considered that one of the best things I ever wrote. Read all my works, and you will find nothing to compare with it. In England the narration was highly appreciated. (Ah, Sir, there is good taste, education, and refinement in England!) The letter, too, was published in France, Germany, Spain, Austria, Russia, and Italy; it will circulate in India, China, Australia, and wherever men read books. Recent events, Sir, make the world pant for information about your country; and we shall no longer see half a dozen scanty lines of cotton quotations devoted to the news from a nation of 30,000,000 of people. My letters, Sir, are appreciated wherever truth is spoken. But, would you believe it, there are some here in America who dare doubt their veracity! The consequence is, my life is in continual danger."

I tried to reassure the Baron, and begged him to relate to me one of his adventures. He glanced furtively at the door, then at the window, then up the chimney, and finally commenced an account of his trip down the Mississippi.

"I started from Louisville," said he, "on the splendid steamer *Great Blower*. Our voyage was quiet, and unmarked by incident until we had passed Cairo, when, on one fine morning, we saw a large steamer close in our wake, which proved to be the *Screamer*, of St. Louis, bound for New Orleans. It was a fine sight to see her plow up the water, and bellow from her great steam-pipes, as she rapidly gained on us; but, from the increasing speed of both boats, and the excitement among our two hundred passengers, I soon discovered that we were racing. You may imagine my fear, Sir, at this discovery, and how gladly I would have got ashore, if that had been possible.

"Our rival was now directly opposite us; the boats nearly touched; the captain of the *Screamer* shook his fist three times at the captain of the *Great Blower*; the captain of the *Great Blower* showed his teeth, with a half bitten oath and a quid of tobacco between them, and then both captains rushed below. Immediately I saw the hands rolling barrels of lard and tar toward the furnaces. A thick, black smoke belched forth in heavy volumes from the chimneys; the steam-pipes groaned hoarsely, making the vast forests on either side roar with the echoes; the wheels spun around with inconceivable velocity, driving our sharp prows through the placid water at a rate of thirty miles an hour. The *Screamer* gains a little, but it is only a momentary advantage, for 'the hands' of the *Great Blower*, leaving the heavy logs of wood, are soon bringing down tables, chairs, looking-glasses, and whatever else was light and dry, dipping them into the tar-barrels, and thrusting them into the furnaces. The *Great Blower* now shoots ahead a foot or two; but the noise of axes is heard; the *Screamer* men are cutting away their hurricane deck, and pitching the white, dry pine into the glowing grates. The pipes are red-hot; the safety-valves are fastened down, when suddenly—"

The Baron wiped his forehead and groaned.

"Suddenly, Sir, there came a deep, heavy sound, as of a rumbling under the crust of the earth, which, quick as flash, burst into a loud report; and at the same instant (how long that instant!) I saw the hurricane deck where I was standing rise slowly at first (though all in the same second of time), and then shoot with great velocity, carrying myself and fifty others at least five hundred feet into the air. Our flight was so rapid, Sir, that I involuntarily put my hand to my hat to keep it from flying off, in doing which, it came in contact with a Yankee's nose, and, would you believe it, Sir, he drew his revolver, and ejecting a huge lump of tobacco from his mouth, said, 'Darn your eyes, I'll fix your hash when we git down agin.'

"As you may imagine, I endeavored to get down first, but, on alighting, I found that long-haired, saffron-faced rascal up to his knees in the swamp, with his revolver cocked, and waiting for me. He threw me another revolver, with an oath, telling me to say my prayers quick, and fire as soon as he had counted three.

"I was resigning myself quietly to my fate, when—and would you believe it, Sir—a huge piece of the boiler, which had been driven up higher than ourselves, came down upon his head, and crushed the varmint into the swamp.

"I thanked Providence for my deliverance, and was glad to get on another steamer that was passing."

"And what became of the other boat?" I asked.

"They were both blown up, Sir, and one of them sank; but the two captains fell down upon the same wreck. A quarrel immediately ensued, each swearing the boat was his. They were both pointing to a shattered plank with the letters ER upon it, and gesticulating furiously."

"'Fool!' says one; 'don't you see ER stands for *Great BlowER!*'

"'Villain!' says the other, gnashing his teeth, 'can't you spell S-c-r-e-a-m-E-R—*Screamer!*'

"Out came the bowie-knives. Blood flowed. A fearful lunge from his adversary sent the captain of the *Great Blower* reeling overboard, and in a few minutes we were far away from this awful scene, *which is of almost daily occurrence on the Mississippi River!*"

The Baron added that he would send an account of this adventure by next packet to the *Lon—* Here he sneezed (for the fire had gone out), and without allowing me time to ask the name of the journal for which he was correspondent, he shook my hand warmly, with a "Good-night, good-night, good-night, Sir!" and bounded out of the room.

A RECENT CONFESSION OF AN OPIUM-EATER.

There is no necessity for telling the reader how I came into the company with which he will find me associated in the ensuing narrative; and there are several reasons why he need not be informed on that point. In the first place, he has no right to inquire; for I hold, and always have held, and maintained, both in argument and practice, that a man is responsible only to himself for the company he chooses to keep. Secondly, supposing he had the right to ask (which, as already stated, I deny), still it would be inconvenient for me to tell him. Thirdly, supposing he had the right, and I were willing to acknowledge it, it would nevertheless be useless to the purpose of the story I am about to narrate, and therefore a crime against art. Fourthly, because any consistency and completeness which the narrative might gain by the relation of the circumstances antecedent to the position, at once intensely horrible and highly amusing, whither they conducted me, are sufficiently attained by the mention of the fact that, while enjoying with the full appreciation of a refined and extremely sensitive nature the appliances of luxury and wealth, I have never shrunk from studying the aspect of humanity in the Rembrandt-like chiaroscuro of vice and crime. In search of the harmonies which slumber in the soul of man, I have sounded the base-string of society. Leaving the splendors and decencies of the upper regions of our social atmosphere, I have voluntarily descended into depths filled with fetid and noxious exhalations, and I have ever returned to the light of common day with an intensified sense of the unfathomable mysteries and the unutterable melodies hidden in the profoundest abysses of our nature.

Some of my readers will probably remember that particular epoch in the history of crime when murder became the handmaid of medical and surgical science, whose requirements, at that time greatly extended by the ardor of discovery, were by no means satisfied either by the legal offerings of the bodies of criminals, or the more adventurous, though less legitimate, contributions of surreptitious exhumation. The impulse communicated to that branch of study which deals with the mysteries of our physical nature, by the great anatomists and physicians who stand in conspicuous array on the line which separates dusky empiricism from luminous science, had awakened cravings in the minds of our students which could no longer be stilled by such eleemosynary and desultory aid. To satisfy these cravings, a race of miscreants arose, whose peculiar province in the field of assassination may be denominated enlightened Thuggism. But their atrocities, though serving a more practical purpose than those of the Thug, had their origin in a far less elevated motive. There is too much reason to believe that a mercenary desire to obtain the price of the body predominated, in most instances, over the wish to advance the interests of science; while even the better of these influences is still far inferior to the religious fervor which prompted the tightening of the Oriental noose. Be that as it may, it was at a time when the horrible trade had gained the utmost extent and organization it was destined to attain, before the revealment of its iniquities had caused that outburst of popular execration which extinguished it utterly, instantaneously, and forever, as with the blast of a hurricane, that the incidents occurred to which I am about to draw the reader's attention.

The scene, then, is a squalid and dingy chamber in the topmost flat of one of the many-storied and ancient dwellings which still give individuality to the old town of Edinburgh. The sole furniture of the apartment was a battered and time-defaced table, stained with grease and liquor, having a bench of similar character on each side. In a bottle on the table was stuck a long candle of the commonest description, whose flaring and drooping wick shed a dull light on the faces of the company. How I came to be in such a scene, and among such persons as I am about to describe, is, as I have already intimated, no business of the reader's. Suffice it that I was there, the occupant of one of the benches, while opposite me sat three individuals, two men and a woman. Long-nosed Bill, the central person of the three, possessed a remarkably villainous physiognomy, which, the index as it was to mental features equally singular and truculent, rendered him a highly interesting subject of philosophical contemplation. His nose was, as his name indicated, very long, and overhung so as almost to conceal a mouth so small, thin, and compressed, as to appear to have been made with a knife after the rest of his countenance was designed; while on each side of the main feature sparkled an eye, deep-set, small, gray, and inexorable. His head, phrenologically speaking, was not bad, being of sufficient height, though the forehead was concealed by straight black locks; the countenance, widest at the forehead and narrowing almost to a point at the chin, was of a pale clay-color; and the sole expression was one of truculent vigilance and resolution. On William's right was seated a more commonplace miscreant, whose coarseness of appearance and conversation betokened atrocity unredeemed by refinement, and whose name of Squabby (by which his companions addressed him) was not without a certain philological fitness. One of those external indications of character which garments often convey, appeared in the contrast afforded by the dress of these men; for while Bill's shabby, scanty, and close-buttoned black coat rather exaggerated the unfavorable impression made by his thin angular form and cadaverous countenance, and seemed to show that he despised those little ameliorations in costume which are within the reach of the humblest, Squabby's gaudy waistcoat, and gorgeous jewelry of glass and copper, showed all the inclination without the power to be what in these latter days is denominated "a swell." The word dandy, which, at the time I speak of, was the generic term for all who cultivated ostentatiously, with whatever degree of success, the art of costume, fails to convey the idea of exuberance and floridity expressed in the newer appellation. Squabby, therefore, was a vulgar swell.

Their female companion—faded, though still young—possessed, nevertheless, a face whose expression frequently drew my gaze. This was owing not so much to her beauty, which could never have been of a striking character, as to the likeness she bore to a young girl with whom I had some years before been curiously, intimately, and most romantically connected. Ah, Catherine! even now, when I summon from the dim past thy angel face, with the mild imploring look I last beheld there—imploring a speedy return, where fate was even then writing, with iron pen, the stern decree that for me to thee there should be no return—even now, as those eyes so beseechingly beam on me through the distance of many lustres, my heart owns that there are sympathies over which time has no control. That likeness, faint as it was, perhaps altogether fanciful, awoke feelings which, as they arose, brought with them a crowd of memories—and hence the charm which a face, to others, perhaps, commonplace, had for me, though there was nothing in the manner, appearance, or conversation of this young woman which distinguished her as in any way very superior to the scene and the society in which the reader finds her.

It must not be imagined that we had no other occupation in this dreary and ill-lighted apartment than that of looking at each other. Another bottle, besides that which officiated as candlestick, stood on the table; or, I should rather say, paced round it, for it seldom halted much longer than was necessary for the filling of the cracked glass which stood before each of us. Our liquor was port, a choice made at my suggestion, and Long-nosed Bill had coincided with a hearty cordiality which his appearance did not certainly promise, but the motive of which I afterward divined. He had sent the girl out for a dozen bottles; and though almost abstaining himself, and restraining also the manifest inclination of Squabby for the generous liquor, he pressed it on me with a hospitality that seemed incapable of being repressed or chilled.

Meanwhile the conversation did not flag. Squabby, finding in me an interested and attentive auditor, talked much and loudly, but with a certain coarseness which would have disgusted me had not his loquacity perpetually started subjects which the sagacious William treated with a masterly terseness, such as I have seldom heard equaled. But the great charm of his conversation was its mystery. The numerous adventures in which he appeared to have been engaged had neither beginning nor end. Of secret expeditions, of hair-breadth escapes, of rapid flights, there were sufficient to set up a modern novelist for several seasons; but the spring and motive of all these were wanting. Why these expeditions were planned, what pursuers he had escaped from, and why flight was necessary, were questions which I had to call in my imagination and invention to respond to, and thus to string on theories of my own the broken links of his narrative. Equally mysterious, though more boisterous, was the conduct of Squabby, who frequently made jesting allusions to their peculiar vocation, which, though to me utterly devoid of meaning, caused a cynical smile to flit across the astute physiognomy of his friend, while the woman responded with a low and musical laugh, generally smothered in the corner of her shawl. This mystery vailing the subject of their conversation, without concealing its main outlines, lent to it the interest which awakened and baffled curiosity has always excited in my mind from my earliest days. My part was not, however, merely that of a listener or a guesser. I hesitated not to exchange sentiments and experiences with these humble friends, who granted me the same attention which I, in my turn, gave to them; and I remember regarding it as a striking proof that no eloquence, if genuine, is beyond the appreciation of the rudest minds, when on one occasion I, having delivered a magnificent quotation in a manner (as I flatter myself) to do full justice to its sonorous flow, and having told them the words were those of the great Burke, they heard his name with startled interest, and were silent for some moments after. However, I now conjecture there might be other reasons for the agitation caused by that glorious name.

I had probably drank about two bottles of wine to my own share, Squabby nearly as much, and the abstemious Bill perhaps about a bottle, when I thought I perceived a diminution in the cordiality of this latter entertainer. I am naturally extremely sensitive in such matters—indeed, so morbidly alive to the faintest indications of failing hospitality, as sometimes to conceive suspicions regarding the sincerity of my welcome, which I am subsequently satisfied are groundless. However, in the present instance, there could be no doubt that Long-nosed Bill not only ceased to talk himself, but listened to me with manifest impatience, and sometimes exchanged glances with his two companions, while those he cast on me bore rather the character of animosity than cordiality. Under these circumstances I considered it due to myself, as well as to my hosts, to rise and bid them good-night. This sudden move of mine produced an instantaneous change in the manner of Long-nosed Bill, who pressed me to stay with more than his former hospitality, while, at a wink from him, Squabby placed himself between me and the door, and, with boisterous but good-humored reproaches on my breach of good-fellowship, refused to let me pass. All this, however, would have had small effect in inducing me to remain after the change in Bill's manner toward me; but just then the woman also joined her entreaties to his. In so doing she used a tone and gesture which at once arrested me. They were such as recalled vividly the tone and gesture which a young girl had unconsciously assumed some years before when I was parting from her in anger. Ah, Emily! potent indeed was the charm of thy pleading over my offended and recusant spirit. Hard indeed would it have been to turn from those eyes—to repel that offered embrace. Years had passed, Emily, since I had seen thee; many feelings and many memories had crowded in between; but the voice and look of a stranger recalling thine, showed that even the faint and distant echo of thy powerful spell could still enchain me. I need scarcely say I resumed my seat.

Long-nosed Bill now became more agreeable and hospitable even than at first, relating passages in his career still more marvelous, and passing the wine with increased rapidity, insisting, at each round of the bottle, on filling my glass himself, and calling out pleasantly, "No heel-taps," before doing so. For a time this amused me; and I was also interested in watching a little by-play carried on by Bill's companions. The woman was no doubt united to him in bonds more or less hallowed, and Bill, with the watchful prudence which his countenance betokened, seemed perpetually on his guard to prevent the slightest familiarity between her and Squabby. Notwithstanding all his vigilance, I observed, however, that whenever his attention was distracted by the friendly office of filling my glass, or whenever he grew so interested in any of his narratives as to relax his watchfulness for a moment, the woman, stealthily passing her hand behind him, clasped that of Squabby extended to meet it. To a philosopher and student of human nature this slight incident was amply sufficient to reveal a tale of passion—a tale which it saddened me to read. I saw in Long-nosed Bill an instance of the insufficiency of the most astute and powerful in-

tellect to restrain the erratic propensities of the female heart. Here was this great man, who had lavished perchance his whole heart, staked his whole faith, on the woman beside him, while she, like the base Judæan throwing this pearl away richer than all her tribe, bestowed in secret her love upon one conspicuously Bill's inferior in every respect, except that his personal appearance was rather less revolting. Miserable mistake! accursed error! yet one to which the feminine nature is peculiarly liable. The remembrance of such an error, of which I was myself the victim, is still as a dagger to my heart. For thee, Augusta! for thee my nights were nights of sleeplessness—my days, days of reverie; to thee I gave the thoughts of my philosophic soul. And how didst thou requite me? With undoubting faith and untiring constancy? No! On the night of that ever-memorable ball —a ball which still haunts my remembrance as if peopled with spectres and demons—there flitted before thine inconstant eye that gaudy figure, rich indeed in scarlet and embroidery, and clanking spurs, but poor, beyond all measure of poverty, in that philosophic refinement which constitutes true wealth. From that moment I was forgotten, and since then a permanent shadow has settled on my soul.

This train of thought naturally made me melancholy; and my spirits were further depressed by a cause which I will now state. At this period I had resolved gradually to wean myself from opium, and, after terrible struggles and enormous sufferings, had succeeded in limiting myself to a pint and a half of laudanum per diem. Now, on this particular day I had taken only a pint, for the following reason: the druggist with whom I generally dealt had sent me a batch of 144 dozen, in which my experienced palate at once detected adulteration. I had therefore returned it, retaining only a bottle for the day's consumption. With this bottle in my hand I had gone down to the kitchen to speak to my cook-maid, when a family of beggars made their appearance at the door, consisting of a father, mother, and two children. The plaintive tones in which they entreated charity went to my heart. Ye gods! I said, here are people hungry, cold, miserable, craving a morsel of food, while I hold in my hand this bottle, the key of the seventh heaven. Am I justified in withholding the celestial panacea? Shall I not say, drink and be happy? In compliance with this natural impulse, I at once gave each of them a glass of laudanum, which they drank in solemn silence and went away. What became of them I can not say; but as I never heard of any family being poisoned about that time, I conclude they were all confirmed opium-eaters. However, this liberality on my part reduced my dose for that day to about a pint, and I was now beginning to feel the effects of this unusual abstinence; the chief of which effects was, of course, depression of spirits—gradually my head sank on my bosom. I ceased to respond to Bill's call of "No heel-taps;" the liquor I craved was not the growth of Oporto. It was then that Bill, seeing my condition, but ascribing it to a wrong cause, used this remarkable expression: "He's pretty near done—let's finish him;" and the woman going to a cupboard returned with a bottle, which Bill uncorked, and filling my glass from it, pressed me to drink. Half-absently, I complied; but the moment I put my lips to it I started with joy. Could Bill, then, read my heart? could he pry into my soul? Why, here was the very potion for which I had been thirsting as never Arab thirsted in the desert, and now (here I sipped again) it was no mirage, but the devine nectar itself. Tossing off my glass, I at once resumed my wonted cheerfulness.

I noticed that, instead of talking as before, Bill and the woman now intently watched me (Squabby was by this time very nearly blind-drunk); and my intellect regaining its usual vigorous clearness, I at once perceived that Bill, with what design I knew not, intended to "hocuss" me. The absurdity of an attempt to render *me* insensible with laudanum presented itself so vividly to my mind, that I had much difficulty in preventing myself from exploding in laughter. However, I managed to preserve my gravity, and, entering into the humor of the thing, at once resolved to drink against my entertainer—Laudanum *versus* Port—and thus astonish his debile faculties as Jack did the Giant's in the matter of hasty-pudding, only that, instead of merely pretending by a mean subterfuge to consume my share, as Jack did, I would drink glass for glass. What a triumph of opium-eating! How would the great Coleridge scowl in envious bitterness of spirit, when he learned that I had achieved a feat which he well knew he never could hope to surpass!

Now then for it! Bill drinks, and offers to fill my glass. I fill it myself, quaff it off, and continue to converse cheerfully. Bill drinks again: I imitate him—Bill stares and looks astounded, but nevertheless continues to drink: so do I. We each stick to our own bottles, the liquor in which grows rapidly lower. Bill gets confused, and is no longer master of his utterance—I become calmer and calmer, and flow on in a rapt strain of eloquence which immeasurably delights myself. Presently, however, my attention is arrested by a change in Bill's aspect; he has fixed on me a gaze of unutterable malignity. He mutters to the woman in a thick, husky whisper, that "he ain't a-goin' to stand this much longer." In a moment I became alive to the situation I was in. I was in the presence of an exasperated ruffian, who saw in me one who had put him to a considerable expense in wine (to say nothing of the laudanum), and who not only obstinately refused to part with his faculties, but was rapidly reducing his host to a state of intoxication. Affairs became presently more serious, when Squabby, utterly unable to sit upright any longer, suddenly disappeared under the table—when Bill impatiently started up, glaring fiercely on me. I instantly summoned my energies to meet the difficulty, and falling forward with my head on the table, affected to snore heavily. I heard Bill remark that "'twas all right at last, but he believed that 'ere cove was the devil;" when the woman, taking up the candle, opened the door of an inner apartment, and entered, followed by Bill with uncertain steps.

It may easily be imagined that I now lifted up my head, and watched them with intense interest. The room they entered was small, and its only furniture were a bed and a sack. The bed was peculiar, consisting of two thick mattresses, without bed-clothes, and a complication of ropes, pulleys, and weights. Presently Bill and the woman, each seizing a rope, began pulling, and the upper mattress slowly rose. Heaven and earth! what a thought flashed across my mind! I had heard of such things before—the unhappy being, stupefied by opium, was placed between two mattresses, and smothered so as to produce the appearance of natural death, and his body sold to the surgeons! The *sack* was irresistible evidence—it must be so! I was in the company of body-snatchers, and was about to be BURKED!!!

The thrill of horror which now naturally passed through my heart did not prevent me from seeing the case in all its philosophic bearings. My natural impulse was, of course, self-preservation; but still, as a philosopher, I was bound to consider also the interests of the public. I had every reason to believe that my organs and functions had become so vitiated by the use of opium, as to insure, to him who should lay bare, with scientific knife and anxious inquiry, this earthly tabernacle, the disclosure of the most remarkable phenomena. Had I then, as a citizen, the right to withhold this perishable frame, which would inevitably be dissolved in a few years, and perhaps under far less important conditions (for I might leave off opium, and, thus restoring my body to a healthy condition, render it comparatively valueless), when I might, by submitting to the fate designed for me, remain for ages, in spirits of wine, a monument of opium-eating? This was one view of the case; but presently, with that clear view of things which the practiced metaphysician inevitably acquires, I perceived an objection. I remembered that my body would probably—nay certainly—be sold to some surgeon totally unacquainted with my person and habits, and who would therefore be wholly incompetent to explain the remarkable appearances which dissection would reveal; and the theories broached to account for them, being thus based on mere supposition, might probably perplex science instead of advancing it. This view of the case, coupled with a desire to live my appointed time, decided me, and I took my measures accordingly.

All this time I have left Bill and the woman standing by the fatal bed, where Death so often took his repose, with the ropes in their hands. Fastening them so as to allow the upper mattress to remain uplifted, they turned toward me; but before they did so, and while I was still left in almost complete obscurity, I filled from my bottle of laudanum both their glasses. The perplexity of the woman, and the drunken astonishment of Bill, when, on returning for the supposed insensible victim, they found me seated upright and cheerfully surveying them, have probably never been equaled except in that remarkable passage of the literature of my childhood when Mother Hubbard, having gone to the undertaker's to buy a coffin for her dog (whom she had every reason to suppose dead), returns, and finds the presumed corpse in a state of cacchination or laughter. They were so astonished that, when I desired them to be seated, they mechanically complied, and, addressing them in a little speech, I proposed the health of the lady as a convivial toast, and, tossing off my glass, invited them to pledge me. Totally bewildered, they did so, and sat for a time staring at me, while I watched them with calm certainty. Well did I know the train of symptoms by which they who dare trespass, without due initiation and neophytism, on the imperial domains of opium, approach insensibility. Gradually their muscles relaxed, their heads sank, their inspirations lengthened and deepened, till they sank side by side on the floor, not in the divine dream of the qualified practitioner, but in the dull stagnation of the presumptuous quack.

Having now the field to myself, and my mind being relieved from the sudden strain, I allowed myself to lapse into one of those peculiar and refreshing trances which opium commands. The vision I beheld was no doubt suggested by the events of the evening. Methought that I actually beheld my body laid upon the hateful bed which, uplifted by countless myriads of Squabbies and Long-nosed Bills, was borne through the air, while I, seeming to have a separate existence from the body (a species of duality I have often observed in these trances), was compelled to follow and observe. After floating apparently for centuries through immeasurable regions of space, the bier was laid in a vast hall surrounded by skeletons, who shouted from their fleshless jaws in full chorus, as my body was borne in, "Room for the opium-eater!" and all the echoes answered, "Room for the opium-eater!" like the people answering the priest in the service of a cathedral. Then flocked in, in endless procession, all the mighty surgeons and physicians whom the world ever saw, headed by the divine Esculapius in classic robes, and whose ample brows were crowned by a chaplet. Galen followed, and Hippocrates, and Celsus, and the wizard-physician Cornelius Agrippa, and Garth, and Harvey, and Hunter, with all their contemporaries, till Astley Cooper headed the College of Surgeons of our days. Then the doors were closed with a mighty sound, silence was proclaimed by a herald, and the whole procession, filing past the bier, bowed to it as an army to its warrior-chief. Again the herald proclaimed silence, and the venerable Esculapius, standing forth before all, said, in purest Attic Greek, in solemn tones, "Let us dissect the opium-eater!" and all answered, "Let us dissect him."

Then the shadow of the great father of physic, approaching with reverence the bier, laid open the temple of the brain, when lo! there straightway issued forth such a swarm of ideas that the vast hall could not contain them. Upward they floated, bright conceptions, melodious utterances, imperishable images, unutterable thoughts, and thronged the atmosphere from pavement to roof, while still from that small skull flowed the unending stream, like the mighty and fertilizing Nile from its fountain-source. Upward still they pressed, till their accumulation grew irresistible; joist and rafter gave way with a crashing sound (it was the triumph of mind over matter), and forth floated the joyous liberated thoughts to their kindred sky. And all the multitude bowed down and acknowledged the might and majesty of genius.

I know not how long the vision occupied, but when I ceased to dream the candle was low in the socket, or rather the bottle. My companions were still prostrate, and showed no sign of existence except their heavy stertorious breathing. They might, however, shortly recover, and I therefore resolved to go at once, while they were still insensible to my movements. Hastily finishing the laudanum which remained in the bottle, I took up the candle and proceeded down stairs.

I think I had got down about ten stories, when, taking the wrong turn at the foot of the stairs, I opened the door of a room which I found full of lumber and straw. As I turned to leave it, the candle fell from the bottle among the straw, which was instantly in a flame. If I had raised an alarm, the question of *how I happened to be there?* might have arisen, which I have already said it did not suit me to answer; and if I staid to attempt to extinguish the flames, I might fail to escape, for the fire spread rapidly. Hastily quitting the scene, I ran down to the level of the street, and slipped silently away in the darkness.

As the wind, rising by degrees, first sports with the dead leaves, then rattles at the casements, till tile and roof-tree go down before the hurricane, so arose the alarm of FIRE. First a watchman shouted—a chance passenger joined him; those who lived on the basements and ground floors next issued forth, and the chorus surged and swelled into a mighty diapason. Clattering through the streets come the fire-engines on their errand of salvation; beside them run the firemen. Gallant Phœnix, brave Sun! —well done both brigades! But this night your efforts shall be in vain! For see, the flames leap forth at every window! Higher they climb, story after story, with rapid step. They lick the walls—they swallow the rafters—and ever still their progress is upward, like bright thoughts pointing heavenward; while the base mortar, and stones, and clay, falling inward like low material natures trying to smother the light of genius, raise for a moment a dust which vanishes, leaving the flames brighter than before. Still upward! till now they have reached the chamber where I passed the night. Bill, my purposed destroyer, where art thou? Where too is thy partner, she who sleeps in thy bosom? Shall she ever again repose there? Ha, Squabby, not all thy gibes and jewelry can avail thee now! See, the fire has encompassed them—see, the shadows, hurrying frantically on the ceiling, show that the floor is in a blaze! And now they rush to the window. Even at this distance I recognize Bill by the length of his nose: he tears the woman from the window and looks down. Shall he leap? No! sixteen stories is a height to appall the bravest. Destruction in front, destruction in rear! to be roasted or smashed!—dreadful the alternative, William—vain the hope of escape! And now the problem which he dared not solve for himself is solved for him. The woman from behind casts her arms about his neck with frantic gesture, and both fall back into the room. Higher rush the rejoicing and victorious flames, arching their crests and crackling joyously, till the walls crumble and sink, burying in their ruins the ashes of the body-snatchers.

LITERARY.

THE HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF THE EMPEROR CHARLES THE FIFTH, *by William Robertson, D.D.:* with AN ACCOUNT OF THE EMPEROR'S LIFE AFTER HIS ABDICATION, *by William H. Prescott.* Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 3 vols., 8vo.

Dr. Robertson was not mistaken when, in opposition to the express wishes of his royal patron, the King of England, he preferred to devote his energies and time to a history of Charles Fifth of Spain rather than of his own country. The history of England had been already well written; that of the Continent in the early part of the sixteenth century remained unwritten, and was one of the most interesting pages of the world's story to be covered. The part which Henry the Eighth had taken in European politics at that time was of little importance indeed, since the influence of England, in Continental events, during the time commonly called that of the Reformation, was rather moral than physical or direct. But England had deep interests at stake. The period was that in which the world was emerging from the darkness of medieval times into the light of these better days. Two years before the birth of Charles, Columbus, under the patronage of that prince's royal grandmother, had added a new world to the dominions of the crown he was to wear. Seventeen years before his birth one Martin Luther was born, who, an unknown boy when the great Emperor was in his cradle, was, nevertheless, destined to found a religion, or to aid in the reformation of one, which was to possess the world that had thus been added to the Spanish dominions, and to thunder in the ears of the Emperor himself the doctrines of that reformed Church.

In every direction the young prince, as he grew up, saw the old giving place to the new, and ancient customs, creeds, and claims swept away before the sudden storms of the sixteenth century. It was the age for a great prince, and Charles was the man for the time. Had he been less bigoted himself, the Reformation might have been more swift in its work, but would have been more reckless and lawless. Had the Pope lacked a firm defender, the new religion would inevitably have been the religion of the masses, high and low, and with sudden success and freedom would have plunged into licentiousness and infidelity. It was through difficulty and danger, through peril and suffering and flames, that the religion of Faith was to become pure and powerful, and fit to possess the land it now holds undisputed possession of.

In every direction, during his reign, Charles saw the advance of the new times. On the west England became Protestant, and on the east the Turks drove from Rhodes, by fire and sword, the knights of St. John, and thus finally destroyed all those old hopes of the kingdom of Jerusalem, while in the heart of his empire the voice of Luther was louder and stronger than his own. In the midst of the convulsions that shook Europe Charles was a strong pillar, firm as a rock. His character and influence were a noble subject for the historian, and Dr. Robertson fulfilled his task admirably, exhibiting the statesman and the soldier, now on the Pyrenees, now along the Rhine, talking politics in England, or thundering with the handle of his sword on the very gates of Rome, so that the reader sees and knows him just as he was.

But there was an end to the history. The great Charles suddenly abdicated, and his son Philip took the throne, while the old Emperor disappeared from view. So retired was his life in the cloister to which he retreated, that historians sought in vain for material to complete his life, until later years permitted manuscripts to be examined by curious eyes, which were formerly concealed from all inspection.

By help of these, various books were gotten up, among which our readers will remember the interesting volumes entitled "Cloister Life of Charles the Fifth," published three years ago.

But it was left for Mr. Prescott, the Thucydides of modern history, to conclude the most perfect and valuable history of the monarch, in an account which, from commencement to close, possesses the charm of a romance, in which the interest is intensified by the knowledge of the complete truthfulness of the record. Following him to his retirement at Yuste, among the brothers of St. Jerome, he depicts his daily life in that quiet retreat, shows how he talked and walked, how he ate, drank, and slept; how the old war-horse chafed sometimes at the far sound of the battle; but how, for the most part, the King was prayerful and thoughtful of his approaching end; how he received envoys from nations in his little convent palace, until at length he heard the long-desired news that his resignation of the imperial crown was at last accepted; and then, directing the name of Ferdinand to be substituted for his own in the prayers and service of the Mass, addressed himself to the great journey now before him. There is a charm that can not be transferred to our brief notice in Mr. Prescott's classical and polished descriptions of the closing scenes of his life; his performance of his own obsequies; and especially the last thrilling scene, when one of his attendant priests held before him a crucifix and bade him look on Him who alone was able to save him, who could answer for all, and for-

give all sin; whereat the others, considering the doctrine heretical, put the priest aside and spoke to him of St. Matthew, on whose day he was born, and St. Matthias, on whose day he was dying, and bade him trust in their intercession. "Thus," says Mignet, "the two doctrines which divided the world in the age of Charles the Fifth were once more brought before him on the bed of death."

A few moments later, the Emperor uttered his last words: "Now it is time—Jesu—Jesu;" and the history was ended.

These volumes will be accepted as a valuable acquisition to our library literature, and though Mr. Prescott's share in them is comparatively small, they will form an excellent addition, in character and uniformity of appearance, to his other works.

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE HUMAN SOUL, Six Lectures *by Richard S. Storrs, Jr., D.D.* New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.

The late Augustus Graham, of Brooklyn, who died in 1851, made provision in his will for the delivery of certain free lectures annually in the Brooklyn Institute on the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God as manifested in his Works. The six lectures contained in this volume were delivered in pursuance of this provision. Dr. Storrs is the industrious, earnest pastor of one of the largest congregations in Brooklyn, and has brought to his subject the experience and intimate knowledge of men in their moral characters and relations which the pastoral office gives him, unusual clearness in metaphysical reasoning, and the fine appreciations of a scholar's mind. With these for his basis, and powers of rhetoric and eloquence which are distinguished among our pulpit orators, he has prepared these lectures which are now printed, and will, doubtless, have a vastly wider influence for good than was originally expected of them when delivered in Brooklyn. They may be stated briefly as on the Soul: *1st*, As to its life; *2d*, Its powers of knowledge; *3d*, Its endowment for good; *4th*, Its fitness for active good; *5th*, Its capabilities of happiness; and, *6th*, Its destiny of immortality. The reverend author has successfully avoided falling into any of the old and worn tracks of essayists on the soul or its attributes, and has produced a collection that is as interesting for its freshness and novelty of thought as for its eloquent appeals to hearers or readers.

The volume is published in handsome style by the Brooklyn Institute, which owes its present existence, if not its original foundation, to the munificence of Mr. Graham.

NEW GRANADA: TWENTY MONTHS IN THE ANDES, *by Isaac F. Holton.* With Maps and Illustrations. Harper & Brothers. 8vo.

South America, especially the northern and western parts of it, are open fields to explorers seeking novelty. No idea is more common and more incorrect than that we know all that there is to be said or written about the southern part of our continent.

Professor Holton has found an immense country, filled with subjects of universal interest—men, manners, mountains, and things—about which there is not extant a book that can be called a book. True, we have works on Colombia as it was before the Revolution; but New Granada is a new country since that period, and those histories are about as valuable indices of its present character as an ante-revolutionary account of the United States would now be.

This, however, is no dry book of detail or statistics. All that is dry is given in an appendix, in which will be found an immense amount of valuable statistical information, which, with the maps, will enable the reader to inform himself most thoroughly on the geography and political power of New Granada, toward which much attention has of late been directed.

Our traveler, however, had other employment than botanizing, which was his chief object in visiting South America, and lost no opportunity of learning the manners and customs, the characters and characteristics, of those among whom he passed nearly two years. While he was gathering specimens on the hillsides he had an eye to the fair specimens of humanity that he met as well. He can discourse on the vanilla plant, but that does not hinder his pen in a capital sketch of the beautiful Isabel Gamba; nor does a visit to Chaqueral for the sole purpose of looking at the vine, prevent another visit for the express purpose of a swim in the shadowy Credo with Isabel and Virginia, the Señora Cabal and Don Justo.

The moralities and immoralities, the innocent pleasures, and the doubtful or not at all doubtful balls, and other amusements of this strangely free-and-easy people, are given in outlines that need no filling-in by the very graceful pencil of our Professor, who steadfastly avoids what could be thought improper or immoral, at the same time that a correct view of the state of society in the country compels him to describe scenes and relate incidents that leave no doubt whatever as to the character of the priests and people in this part of Colombia.

As a whole, Professor Holton's book is a remarkable union of valuable information with graphic incident, and when he gives you an interesting fact, he fixes it in your memory in close company with a side-shaking story. Success in a book of this sort is an achievement he may well be proud of.

THE ADVENTURES OF A ROVING DIPLOMATIST, *by Henry Wikoff.* New York: W. P. Fetridge & Co.

This is unquestionably one of the most remarkable books of the day. It is not so strange to read posthumous accounts of men's ways and walkings, and talks and thoughts. Every one is delighted with such books; and when the age is past, it is a source of keen pleasure to read the private notes of those who had to do with the everyday life of the distinguished actors in the scenes, showing their secret motives, and their friendly and confidential communications, and thus letting us into the secret causes of events long known. But here we have the same thing attempted in the very time of the play, while it is going on; and it reminds us of the common stage trick of the actor who, while part of the company are continuing the tragedy on one side of the stage, slips across to the other and confidentially informs the audience that it is all a play, and explains who each actor really is.

Mr. Wikoff is not unknown to fame. His adventures in pursuit of a wife, published not long since, attracted much attention, especially from the fact that every one who read the book must have been satisfied that something more than insulting a lady was the cause of his long incarceration. In this volume we have the secret. It was not Miss Gamble but Lord Palmerston, the British Premier, who stood behind the scenes and worked the machinery that proved any thing but a play to the unhappy lover. How he became connected with that omnipotent nobleman, and how he finally became offensive to him; how he was in the secrets of many a diplomatic dodge, and was consulted and employed by many of the scene-shifters in those performances which have been remarkably theatrical, and which now in retrospect appear to us to have been evidently only parts of a good play; how he smoked a cigar with Prince Napoleon, and chatted about his cousin Louis(!); how he saw the son of his uncle himself, and chatted with him, first in prison in Ham, then at his uncle Joseph's table in London, and then at his own table in Paris; in brief, how very much like little things by little people great things are managed by great men in Europe—all this is faithfully narrated here, and the best of it is, that one has no reason to doubt that there is truth in it all, which is more than can be affirmed of every body's writings who professes to describe interviews with royalty or greatness.

PAST MERIDIAN, *by Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.* Hartford: F. A. Brown.

That Mrs. Sigourney's afternoon may be a long summer day, with a calm and holy evening, is the earnest wish of all who know her. In this volume she speaks to the hearts of those whose suns are going westward, and they will find in it material for cheerful thought and pleasant memory all along the way. Such subjects as the beauty of age, its privileges, home anniversaries, and home memories, aged divines, cheerful old women, and that country where no one will grow old, sketched by her kindly and graceful pencil, can not be otherwise than interesting and attractive to old and young. The volume now appears in a second edition, and will doubtless pass through many more.

---

1. TOWN AND COUNTRY, AND THE VOICES IN THE SHELLS, *by R. H. Stoddard.*
2. GOLD AND SILVER, *by A. W. H.* New York: Dix, Edwards, & Co.

Books for the small people, and beautiful too. No one can forget Mr. Stoddard's "Household Dirge;" and one who writes so exquisitely of a dying child can not but love them, and write pleasantly for them living.

Gold and Silver is far above the ordinary run of children's stories—a beautiful allegory, illustrating the proverb, "Speech is silver, silence is gold." The skill and delicacy of the author's pen will charm readers of all ages.

---

1. DAISY, OR THE FAIRY SPECTACLES.
2. WORTH NOT WEALTH, and other Tales. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co.

These two books are very beautifully gotten up, illustrated handsomely, and are filled with such matter as will amuse and instruct the little ones.

---

1. THE LAST OF THE HUGGERMUGGERS.
2. KOBBOLTOZO, a Sequel to the Last of the Huggermuggers. (Same publishers.)

Two capital books for children that love stories of giants and dwarfs, caverns full of gold, and shell-fish that make those who eat them grow to be sons of Anak. The illustrations are excellent, especially the scene in the latter, where the dwarfs are swept away by the fizz of a bottle of the giant's ale.

THE NEW YORK ALMANAC FOR 1857. New York: Mason Brothers.

Altogether the most useful and valuable almanac and weather-book that we have seen. Mr. Meriam, whom we consider hereafter as responsible for the state of the atmosphere, contributes much very interesting matter.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE UNITED STATES.

CONGRESS.

BUT little business of importance has been transacted by Congress during the week. On Saturday last, Senator Wilson defined his position in a lengthy speech on the text of the President's Message. On behalf of his party he declared that he would resist the admission of Kansas as a Slave State. On the same day the Senate bill of last session, authorizing the people of Kansas to form a State Constitution, was referred to the House Committee on Territories.——On Monday, on motion of Senator Seward, and after speeches in favor by the mover, Senators Fessenden, Weller, and others, and against by Senators Toombs, Hunter, and Brodhead, the Senate passed the House bill appropriating $150,000 for a steamer to be employed as a revenue cutter. The House bill contained words to the effect that the steamer was to be employed near New York for the relief of distressed vessels; these words were stricken out in the Senate, and the Executive left free to dispose of the vessel. It is generally understood that she will be used for the purpose indicated by the House bill. Some further discussion of the slavery question took place between Senators Brown and Wilson. In the House, a motion was carried for information with regard to the expense incurred by the President to keep the peace in Kansas; a bill was passed granting to General Scott the $20,000 arrears of pay claimed by him as Lieutenant-General under the act of last session; a motion by Mr. Humphrey Marshall to suspend the rules for the purpose of making the bill to establish a uniform rule of naturalization a special order for 14th January, was rejected.——On Tuesday, Senator Seward presented a resolution calling for information with regard to the Atlantic telegraph; Senator Clay presented a resolution inquiring into the pay and emoluments of General Scott and his staff under the resolution of February, 1855; the House bill to settle the claims of officers in the revolutionary army was the subject of discussion. In the House, Mr. Letcher, from the minority of the Committee of Ways and Means, reported a substitute for the new tariff bill. His plan proposes a uniform reduction of 20 per cent. on the duties levied by the tariff of 1846; also, the transfer of manufactures of silks to the schedule now paying 30 per cent.; manufactures of flax, and blankets of all kinds, to the schedule now paying 25 per cent.; unmanufactured wool to the 10 per cent. schedule, and the raw silks, most of the crude dye-stuffs, unmanufactured vegetable dye-stuffs, dye-woods, tow, seeds, animals, etc., to the free list. It also provides for additional duties of 10 per cent. on all foreign importations in foreign bottoms not exempt from such discrimination by treaty or by act of Congress. It also makes the decision of the collectors conclusive as to the liability of goods to duty, unless a written notice of dissatisfaction shall be given within ten days, and an appeal be made within thirty days to the Secretary of the Treasury, whose decision shall be final and conclusive, except a suit to recover duties be brought within thirty days. The act to take effect on the 1st of July next. The Speaker laid before the House Prof. Bache's report of the coast survey, showing that, exclusive of salaries, $500,000 have been expended during the past year. The survey has been carried on during the year in all the States and Territories of the Atlantic, the Gulf of Mexico, and the Pacific coast. Professor Bache estimates that from ten to twelve years will find the field work essentially completed in all the sections but two, recently begun. A general hydrographic reconnoissance has been made of the coast of California and Oregon. Every harbor has been surveyed, and a considerable portion of Washington Territory. Among the developments made in the hydrography of the season, the most worthy of notice is the extensive bank of comparatively shoal ground between George's Bank, and Navigator's, and Misnamed. The Senate resolution, extending the time for the creditors of Texas to file their claims, was passed; and the House went into Committee of the Whole on the Indian Appropriation and other bills.——On Wednesday, there was no session of the Senate. In the House the Post-office, Mail Steamers, and Deficiency Appropriation bills were reported and referred. Mr. Phelps, of Missouri, reported a bill providing for the withdrawal of all depreciated foreign coin, by fixing the value of Spanish quarters, shillings, and sixpences at 20, 10, and 5 cents, and authorizing the issue of new cent pieces; it was withdrawn for two weeks. Mr. Rice, of Minnesota, introduced a bill providing for the admission of that Territory into the Union as a State.

On Friday, Senator Thomson moved a resolution calling on the Secretary of the Treasury to report whether more effective means could not be taken for the saving of life in cases of shipwreck on the Jersey and Long Island coasts. The House passed some private bills, and also the Senate bill, making prepayment of postage on transient printed matter compulsory. Adjourned to Tuesday next.

THE MISSOURI COMPROMISE.

The argument in the case of Dred Scott has been closed, and the Supreme Court have the case under consideration. Their judgment will throw light on the constitutionality of the Missouri Compromise, as will be perceived from the following brief statement of the facts of the case:

Dr. Emerson, of the United States army, took with him from Missouri a slave named Dred Scott, as a body servant, to a military post at Rock Island, in the *State of Illinois*. After remaining there *two years*, he removed to Fort Snelling, which post is north of the line of 36° 30'. At this last post, a slave woman, brought there by Major Taliafero, and owned by him, was married to Dred Scott, and they had two children, one of whom was born at this post, and another after the parties had returned to Missouri. Neither of these slaves were ever manumitted by their owners. But under the Constitution of Illinois slavery is prohibited, and Dred Scott could have asserted his right to freedom in that State. The other post where Scott and his wife resided was in a Territory from which slavery is excluded by the Missouri act of 1820.

Scott and his wife were sold by their owners to Sanford, against whom the suit was brought for their freedom. Scott claimed that having been voluntarily carried by his owner into a Free State, and having been domiciled, he was, upon his voluntary return with his master to Missouri, a free man there, in virtue of his temporary residence in a free Territory. The same claim was made in behalf of his wife. The Missouri Court decided adversely to the claim, on the ground that the temporary residence in a Free State did not make them free in the State of Missouri, unless their owners had signified by some act an intention to manumit them, by taking them into free territory, which did not appear to be the fact in this case. Dred Scott appeals to the United States Supreme Court.

TRIAL OF HUNTINGTON FOR FORGERY.

This *cause célèbre* has attracted much attention, and the line adopted by the counsel for the defense increased the interest taken in the proceedings. Messrs. Brady and Bryan argue that the prisoner committed the forgeries in question from the influence of monomania, and contend that he did not possess shrewdness enough to conceive an intention to defraud. Mr. Bryan, in opening the case, stated that the total amount of his client's forgeries did not fall short of the enormous sum of twenty millions. He reflected severely on the conduct of the witnesses Belden and Harbeck. The trial was continued from day to day, the court sitting on Christmas-day; but now—at the hour of our going to press—it does not seem near ended. It is doubtful whether it will be concluded before Judge Capron vacates the bench. Should it not, a new difficulty will be developed.

AWFUL SHIPWRECKS.

On the night of the 20th December two vessels, the one the British bark *Tasso*, the other the Liverpool liner *New York*, ran ashore near Barnegat inlet. Both were attended with great suffering and loss of life. In attempting to go ashore in the life-boat, four of the crew of the *Tasso*, together with two of the wreckers, brave men, named Barker and Jones, were drowned. The *New York* carried 280 passengers, mostly Irish emigrants. She struck about midnight on Friday, and from that time till Sunday night, when the last of the passengers were got ashore in the life-cars, the sufferings of the poor people were heart-rending. The sea beat over them incessantly; they were short of provisions, the ships' stores having got wet; they expected death at every moment. The captain contrived to get ashore on Saturday, but could not return. During his absence the crew behaved shamefully, got drunk, and robbed and insulted the passengers; and when the captain returned, fell upon him and nearly killed him. One of these men was subsequently frozen to death; the others, we hear, in prison in New Jersey. The shipwrecked emigrants have mostly arrived at Castle Garden in a state of utter destitution.

NEGRO INSURRECTIONS.

The excitement in relation to the anticipated rising of the slaves in the South is rapidly subsiding. It is established that no rebellion was contemplated or conspiracy formed by the negroes of Florida, Georgia, or the Carolinas; the reports of trouble in these States were unfounded. In Tennessee and Kentucky negroes have been arrested, and in some cases punished. A negro blacksmith residing near Sparta, Tennessee, was found forging long bowie-knives at night, and was promptly arrested. A free negro was caught at the same place, armed with six double-barreled guns, rifles, and pistols, and was also locked up. Negroes engaged at iron-works in Tennessee have confessed that they were engaged in the plot, and some have declared that they intended to "make war upon the whites at Christmas," and perpetrate horrible cruelties. In the alarm caused by these disclosures, severe measures have been taken. Six negroes and one white man are said to have been hanged at Dover. Several negroes have been severely whipped at Murfreesboro, six have been hanged at Gallatin, a negro preacher at Cadiz, Kentucky, and another at Pembroke. In Trigg County, Kentucky, a free negro was hung on the 19th. In the counties where alarm exists in Tennessee, numbers of negroes have been imprisoned. A slave employed at the iron-works confessed that he knew all about the plot, but would tell nothing. He was accordingly whipped, and died after receiving 750 lashes. In several counties the people have formed Vigilance Committees, and it is expected that more executions will follow. The citizens of Sumner County, Tennessee, have adopted sharp resolutions for their protection.

KANSAS.

At our latest accounts all was quiet in the Territory. Governor Geary had gone to Leavenworth to be present at the sale of town lots, which was to come off last week. Twenty-three hundred town lots were to be sold at auction. The population of Leavenworth was estimated at 5000, and its people say that it will take the lead of Kansas City. The two Legislatures meet early next month, the one at Topeka, the other at Lecompton. It is hardly expected that the Governor or the Federal troops will interfere with the former. Governor Geary's proceedings were giving pretty general satisfaction to all parties. A project for a railroad through the Territory had been started, and money had been promised by the settlers; Major Robinson, the agent of the Delawares, is said to be in favor of using a portion of the indemnity that will be paid them for their lands in aid of the scheme. The Missouri River was closed for the season.

MESSAGE OF GOVERNOR OF MISSISSIPPI.

The Governor of Mississippi devotes his message to a consideration of the anti-slavery movement of the North. He says that Mississippi occupies the same ground as Georgia; and recommends a convention of the Southern States to concert a plan of action. He considers that any of the following

acts would justify resistance on the part of the South:

First, The interference by Congressional legislation with the institution of slavery in the States.

Second, Interference in the trade in slaves between the States.

Third, Any action of Congress on the subject of slavery in the District of Columbia, or in those places subject to the jurisdiction of Congress, incompatible with the safety and domestic tranquillity of the rights and honor of the Slaveholding States.

Fourth, The refusal by Congress to admit a new State into the Union on the ground of her tolerating slavery within her limits.

Fifth, The passage of any law by Congress prohibiting slavery in any of the Territories.

Sixth, The repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law, and the neglect or refusal by the General Government to enforce the constitutional provisions for the reclamation of fugitive slaves.

POLYGAMY ATTACKED IN UTAH.

At the July term of the First Judicial Court for Utah Territory, Judge Drummond charged the Grand Jury that the Mormonite ceremonies called "sealing" did not constitute a legal marriage; and that it was their duty to "prefer bills of indictment against all such persons as have not been legally married in some country, and particularly when two or more women are found cohabiting with the same man."

THE TRANSATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

Mr. Cyrus Field returned home in the *Baltic*, having been completely successful with regard to the Atlantic telegraph. He brings with him a piece of the wire which is now being rapidly manufactured in London; it is attracting much curiosity.

MOVEMENTS OF THE PRESIDENT ELECT.

Mr. Buchanan has paid a visit to Philadelphia, where his arrival created some excitement among politicians and office-seekers. He visited Girard College, and made a brief address to the students. On Tuesday, he dined with Mayor Vaux and a select party of friends.

WISCONSIN DOES NOT VOTE FOR PRESIDENT.

A snow-storm having prevented the presidential electors from arriving at Madison, Wisconsin, on the day fixed for taking the vote of the State for President, it would appear that, according to law, Wisconsin can not vote at all. Happily, her vote would not alter the result. Had it been otherwise, meteorologists would be called upon to record an unprecedented phenomenon—a political snow-storm.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

THE NEW PARIS CONFERENCE.

The Cabinet of St. Petersburg has addressed a circular to its diplomatic agents exposing the steps taken by the Cabinet of St. Petersburg with a view to fulfill the treaty of Paris. It was accompanied by a request for the reconvocation of the Conference. The *Morning Post* says that "when the Congress of Paris broke up, it was determined that certain minor details should be left for the future care of a Conference composed of the second Plenipotentiaries, who, being the resident ministers of the powers concerned, could always be summoned at any moment when the matters to be referred to them should be ripe for decision and arrangement. This second Conference has no power of reopening the Treaty of Paris, or of altering its text or scope." The British public seem in no very good-humor at the idea of more conferences. The *Times* is very bitter on Russia, and not over-courteous to France. The *Moniteur* says: "The treaty of Paris has met, in its application, with difficulties which have given rise to a difference of opinion between the contracting courts, and has rendered necessary a meeting of their respective representatives to hasten the complete execution of the conditions of peace. The majority of the powers that signed the treaty have already agreed, with this object in view, to the convocation of the conference at Paris. It is, therefore, to be presumed that it will be able to meet before the end of the present month, and every thing authorizes the hope that it will succeed in promptly re-establishing a perfect understanding on the points under dispute."

ENGLAND.

There is still much talk about the return of Lord John Russell to the Cabinet. It is believed that the scheme for getting rid of him by raising him to the House of Peers can not be carried out. Lord John is said to have in hand an Education and a Reform Bill, which he will introduce as soon as possible, whether he is in the Government or out.

The Rev. Dr. Livingston, the celebrated African traveler, was expected to reach London on the 11th instant. He was a passenger from Alexandria in the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company's ship *Candia*, which encountered very severe weather after leaving Malta, and which, during a calm which succeeded, narrowly escaped being drifted on the rocks near the Isle of Zimbra. When within a mile of certain destruction, a breeze providentially sprung up and carried the vessel past, and she was towed into the Bay of Tunis by one of the Bey's steamers. A part of the passengers, including Dr. Livingston, proceeded to Marseilles in a small steamer kindly granted by the Bey. The great traveler is in good health, although his left arm is broken and partly useless, it having been torn by a lion. When he was taken on board her Majesty's ship the *Frolic*, on the Mozambique coast, he had great difficulty in speaking a sentence of English, having disused it so long while traveling in Africa. He had with him a native from the interior of Africa. This man, when he got to the Mauritius, was so excited with the steamers and various wonders of civilization that he went mad, and jumped into the sea and was drowned. Dr. Livingston has been absent from England seventeen years. He crossed the great African continent almost in the centre, from west to east, has been where no civilized being has ever been before, and has made many notable discoveries of great value. He traveled in the two-fold character of missionary and physician, having obtained a medical diploma. He is rather a short man, with a pleasing and serious countenance, which betokens the most determined resolution. During the voyage home he continued to wear the cap which he wore while performing his wonderful travels. On board the *Candia* he was remarkable for his modesty and unassuming manners. He never spoke of his travels, except in answer to questions. The injury to his arm was sustained in the desert while traveling with a friendly tribe of Africans. A herd of lions broke into their camp at night and carried off some of their cattle. The natives, in their alarm, believed that a neighboring tribe had bewitched them. Livingston taunted them with suffering their losses through cowardice, and they then turned out to face and hunt down the enemy. The doctor shot a lion, which dropped wounded. It afterward sprang on him and caught him by the arm, and, after wounding two natives who drew it off him, it fell down dead. The wounded arm was not set properly, and Dr. Livingston suffered excruciating agony in consequence. Great honors await the doctor.

FRANCE.

The Emperor has astonished the French by dismissing a large number of Prefects who are charged with inefficiency and despotic conduct. The Prefect of Tours has been superseded by the Procureur Impérial. When the Emperor visited Tours on the occasion of the inundation, he found, it is said, the Prefect seated in his comfortable cabinet, and quietly giving orders to his subordinates, while he saw the Procureur Impérial up to the neck in water, and, dressed in a blouse, working at the pickaxe or shovel with the peasants. "You will put the Procureur in place of the Prefect, and the Prefect in the position he prefers, *non activité*," was the order dryly given the other day by the Emperor when the list of Prefects was proposed to him.

A rumor prevails that the Empress is again *enceinte*. Dubois, the accoucheur, is understood to have said as much. She is looking remarkably well; while the Emperor, on the contrary, looks in very ill health. His eye is sunken, his visage elongated, his cheek sallow.

By a report which has just been made to the Emperor by M. Router, the Minister of Public Works, it appears that the cost of the French railroads, up to the present moment, has been 3,080,000,000 francs, of which 661,000,000 was at the charge of the state, and the remainder at that of the companies. The completion of the net-work conceded does not demand an expense surpassing 1,260,000,000, of which 230,000,000 will be furnished by the state, and this expense will run over a period of ten years.

RUSSIA.

Russia is said to be concentrating troops on the Persian frontier in order to support the Shah against the Indian government. The greatest activity is said to reign on the Caspian. Troops are also believed to be concentrating on the Bessarabian frontier.

Grand Duke Constantine has written a letter to contradict Sir Robert Peel's statements with regard to alleged conversations with him about the impregnability of Cronstadt. The Baronet is effectually demolished by Sir Charles Napier.

Russia has followed the example of France, and commissioned General Rogdanowitch, an eminent officer of artillery, to write the Russian version of the siege of Sebastopol; and, oddly enough, the General has started, not for the Crimea, but for Paris.

PRUSSIA.

The King of Prussia has opened his Parliament with a speech which is congratulatory on every point save the Neufchâtel question. He says that agriculture and industry are prosperous, that the people are contented, and that all is satisfactory except Neufchâtel. Of this he says:

"I have been most painfully affected by the recent events in my Principality of Neufchâtel; where the antagonism that has existed ever since 1848 between my undoubted rights and the actual movement of public affairs has brought loyal men into the power of their adversaries. The moderation with which, in the interest of the general peace, I have treated the existing state of things in this Principality for years past, has been duly appreciated and recognized by the Powers of Europe. It is my wish, even after this last deplorable conflict, and now that my undisputable right has been recently corroborated by the unanimous resolution of the German Federal Diet, to bring about a settlement in harmony with the dignity of my crown by means of negotiations with the European Powers: at the same time, I must not and will not allow my long-enduring patience to be turned into a weapon against my rights."

Much feeling has been excited by a recent decision of His Majesty's. A political prisoner, Dr. Ledenberg, having spent six months in a hospital on account of severe illness, the King has decided that these six months are *not to be included* in the term of his penal servitude.

AUSTRIA.

The Emperor of Austria made his entry into Venice on 25th November. The scene is described as being remarkably beautiful and striking; the Emperor's boat was surrounded by a fleet of gondolas. Count Radetsky was the first to welcome him to the city. Among the people there was no warmth of feeling displayed; indeed their attitude was so cold that the Emperor is said to have altered his intention of traveling through Italy, and returned to Vienna. He has given a free pardon to seventy political offenders, and removed the sequestration on the property of political fugitives.

The Washington *Union* publishes the text of an extradition treaty, just concluded between Austria and the United States. It is similar to the other extradition treaties.

NAPLES.

An attempt has been made on the life of the King of Naples; the accounts of the incident vary—but it does not appear that the King is any the worse.

An insurrection broke out in Sicily on the 22d November. It began by the stopping of a diligence which runs between Palermo, Catania, and Messina. The insurgents numbered sixty. In the night between the 22d and 23d of November, the Government sent two battalions of *chasseurs-à-pied*, commanded by General Guion, against the insurgents. On the morning of the 23d two squadrons of *chasseurs-à-cheval*, with a field battery, were also sent against them. The insurgents fled. The insurrection has since been suppressed, and the ringleader taken.

JAPAN.

The United States steam-frigate *San Jacinto* arrived at Simoda, Japan, on 21st August, with Consul-General Harris on board. On the 25th, Consul Harris had an interview with the Governor of the imperial city of Simoda, and was feasted by the Japanese. The compliment having been returned, Commodore Armstrong, Consul Harris, and the Japanese Governor had a business interview on 1st September. On this occasion the Governor asked, "Why the United States government had sent Mr. Harris to Japan, and what his functions were."

MR. HARRIS. "I am sent by my government to act as Consul-General for the same in the empire of Japan. My duties are to look after the rights of those American citizens who may have commercial dealings with this country, to protect and care for the interests of American seamen in this part of the world, and to see that there is no infraction of the laws of Japan by the above, and to act, in short, in the capacity of a magistrate or governor. I do not know the secrets of my government, and want a direct, immediate reception, or a dismissal."

GOVERNOR. "The government of Japan thought it could take care of shipwrecked seamen and administer justiee. He could not see the necessity of a consul, did not know that the United States was justified in sending one, and wished to know why one had not been sent to Hakodade also. Had you not better return with the Commodore?"

MR. HARRIS. "I came out for both places, and should circumstances require it, would go there. I shall not return with the Commodore."

GOVERNOR. "But the distance (to Hakodade) is very great, as are also the obstacles to your getting there."

MR. HARRIS. "It matters not what the distance or difficulties are, I should go."

GOVERNOR (*To Commodore Armstrong*). "What are your instructions in this matter?"

COMMODORE. "My *orders* are to see Mr. Harris here and land him. This is one *part* of my duty."

GOVERNOR. "Had you orders to use force if the Japanese government did not choose to receive Mr. Harris?"

COMMODORE. "My orders were to see Mr. Harris here and land him. That is *part* of my duty." (Rather equivocal).

GOVERNOR. "Where are you going after you leave Simoda, and when do you leave?"

COMMODORE. "I shall first go to Shanghai, and shall leave when I have landed Mr. Harris."

On the 3d, the *San Jacinto* weighed, leaving Mr. Harris in Japan. The Japanese government have located him in a small fishing village called Kakizaki, about three-fourths of a mile from Simoda. This, say they, is a temporary arrangement. They have fitted up a Buddhist temple for his abode, and he is comfortably fixed, no doubt, as far as quarters are concerned. The difficulty with him will be to get enough to eat.

CHINA.

It is generally believed among the foreigners in China that the rebels will be in possession of Shanghai this winter. Nankin is the present centre of operations. There are rumors of dissensions in the rebel camp. The *North China Herald* learns that there had been an old quarrel between the Eastern and Northern Kings, that the Eastern had installed his own son in the place of the Western King, whose death he had caused some three or four years ago, and that now he was plotting to usurp the throne of the Heavenly King, viz., *Hung Siutsiuen*. It goes on to state that Yang Siutsing had been seized, condemned, and his body drawn asunder by five buffaloes—one being fastened to his head, one to each arm, and one to each leg, and then heavy rockets set on fire at their tails; that his whole family had been put to death; and, moreover, that the Imperial troops, under Chang Kwoliang, were on their way, as far as Keuyung, to recover Nankin.

AUSTRALIA.

Our advices from Melbourne are to 12th September. The colony was prosperous. The yield of the gold mines had increased; coal had been discovered on the shores of Port Philip, and quarries of slate and marble had been pointed out. Trade was active, and property rising in value. The yield of gold for the year was 1,804,044 ounces.

AFRICA.

It was said at Sierra Leone that there had been a battle in the interior, at which 4000 natives were killed. Trade was interrupted, and disturbances were apprehended on the coast. The United States frigate *Jamestown* was at Sierra Leone.

A new expedition, under Dr. Raikie, is being fitted out by the English government for the ascent of the Niger. No unusual loss of life is apprehended, Dr. Raikie's precautions being considered perfectly adequate to guard the members of the expedition against the fever.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

NEW BRITISH TREATY.

The new treaty between the United States and Great Britain has been published, though it is not yet confirmed by the Senate. It provides that a territory shall be set apart for the Mosquito Indians, and guaranteed to them by Great Britain, the United States, and Nicaragua, on the condition that they shall not alienate it to any power but Nicaragua, without the consent of the United States and Great Britain; that Nicaragua shall erect Greytown into a free port and free self-governing city, in consideration of which, Greytown shall pay a "reasonable sum," half-yearly, as an indemnity to the Mosquito Indians; that Belize was not included in the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, and that its boundaries shall be defined and maintained as they were on the day that treaty was concluded; that the Bay Islands, having been recognized by England as a free territory, under the sovereignty of Honduras, shall be guaranteed to that State by the two contracting powers. Both are to make their best endeavors to have the provisions of the treaty adopted by Nicaragua and Costa Rica at as early a day as possible.

HONDURAS RAILROAD.

Mr. Carl Schertzer, of the University of Vienna, publishes a letter in which he says, apropos of the Honduras Railroad: "I do not believe there is, in the entire new continent, a country which presents so great advantages for European colonization, industry, and commerce as Central America. Situated between the two great oceans of the globe, it offers on its eastern coast the same facilities for commerce with the United States and Europe that it affords on its western shores for that of China, Australia, and the East Indies. The construction of a railway to cross the Isthmus of Honduras, passing through a country healthful and fertile, would, in my opinion, be the signal for the sailing of a fleet of ships from European shores, laden with colonists going to establish themselves on the table lands of Central America."

NICARAGUA.

On Saturday, 20th, a large meeting was held at the Broadway Tabernacle, to express sympathy for Walker and his men in Nicaragua. General Burnett, of the New York Volunteers, presided. Speeches were made by the Nicaraguan Minister, Mr. Oaksmith; General Duff Green; General Wheat; General Green, of Texas, and others. At the close a collection was taken up, and $1307 were said to have been contributed in checks. The St. Nicholas Hotel offered 100 barrels of bread, the Metropolitan 5000 pounds of bacon, and a person unknown 1000 stand of rifles; these articles to be shipped by the *Tennessee*, for the use of Walker's army. General Wheat announced that 2000 men were ready to sail from New Orleans to Walker's aid.

On Monday and Tuesday numbers of cases and boxes, contents unknown to the public, were shipped on board the *Tennessee*, for General Walker and his army. Apprehensive of trouble with the government, the owners or agents of the *Tennessee*, Messrs. Charles Morgan and Sons, addressed a letter to Mr. District-Attorney M'Keon, to inquire whether she would be molested. Mr. M'Keon replied "that the arrest of any party or detention of any vessel would depend on the occurrence of a violation of a law of the United States. The owners of the *Tennessee* and the persons who took passage in the steamer, must understand that the laws in relation to the neutrality of the United States would be executed." The steamer left at her usual hour without molestation from the authorities, it is said with 300 volunteers for Walker and a quantity of provisions.

General Goicouira, whose recent quarrel with Walker will be remembered, has written a letter to Marshall O. Roberts, requesting that the *Granada* might be allowed to stop at Greytown, to bring off such of Walker's people as might wish to come home. Mr. Roberts has granted the request, "solely on the score of humanity."——The Government of Nicaragua has advertised at New Orleans for a loan of $500,000; stock to bear interest at 6 per cent., and to be secured by mortgage on 1,000,000 acres public land.

MEXICO.

The news from Mexico is very favorable to the government. Vidaurri has abandoned his scheme of a Sierra Madre Republic, and Nueva Leon and Coahuila have re-entered the Mexican Confederation. The adhesion of the former State is conditional upon a payment of $8000, to be made annually by the supreme Government to carry on the war with the Indians. From the South the accounts were conflicting, and it was not certain whether Puebla had fallen or not. But all writers agree in stating that the Government forces were in the ascendant. General Alvarez was at Iguala with 3000 men; some said he was going to march on Puebla to put down the reactionary party; others believed that he designed to march to the capital. His feelings are said to be very friendly to the Government. A conspiracy had been detected in the capital, and the conspirators imprisoned without bloodshed. Mr. Barron, the British Consul at Tepic, has been restored to his post; he is to have recourse to the tribunals for indemnity for the wrongs he says he has suffered. Mr. Forbes's case does not yet appear to be settled. Troubles were said to be on the point of breaking out in Sonora. Great activity prevailed in financial and industrial circles. The Tehuantepec route is shortly to be opened; various railroads are projected; some are being graded; gold mines are being opened, and other enterprises are seeking capital.

SOUTH AMERICA.

General Mosquera, late President of New Granada, and at present Senator of that State, has published a long letter to President Pierce on the subject of the relations between New Granada and the United States. The letter, which is ably and dispassionately written, has attracted much attention. General Mosquera considers that the sufferers by the Panama riots must be indemnified.

It is said that a filibustering expedition is being organized in this city for the purpose of revolutionizing Venezuela. District-Attorney M'Keon has written to Commodore Vanderbilt to inquire whether he has any thing to do with it. The Commodore replies that he has not, and presumes that his name has been connected with the scheme in order to impart respectability to it.

From Buenos Ayres we hear that incursions from the Indians were apprehended on the frontier. An attempt at insurrection at Santa Fé had been readily suppressed.

The elections had gone off quietly at Rio Janeiro and at Pernambuco.

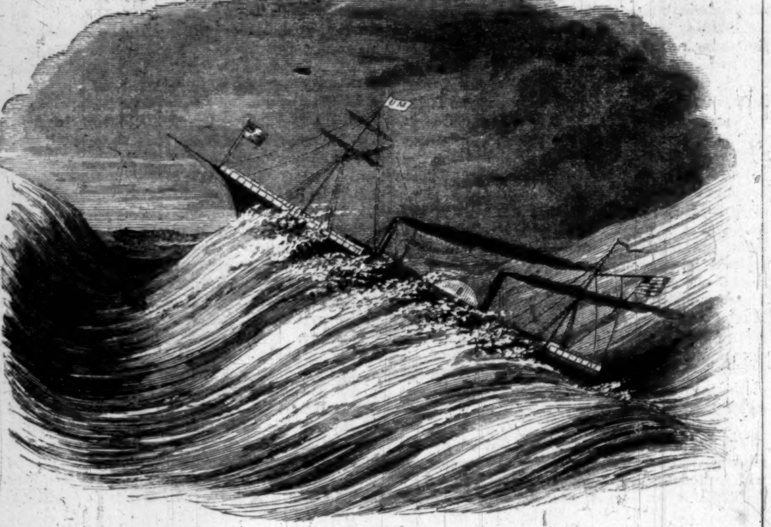
A POLICE-OFFICER'S SEVEN THOUSAND MILES' CHASE.

A FEW months since information was brought to me, by the officers connected with several Ohio banks, of the mysterious disappearance of one of their customers, named B——. His residence was some thirty miles distant from the village of U——, at another county town, and consequently some days elapsed before the creditors at U—— were advised of his flight. They held his bills to the amount of eleven thousand dollars, amply secured by the names of good indorsers; though, for the reason that he had frequently before received accommodations, it did not occur to them to make a critical examination of the handwriting of the sureties at the time the bills were discounted. The officers at first thought every thing right—that the circumstances attending a failure had compelled their man to leave, but that the sureties would have the money to pay. On a closer scrutiny of all the signatures, coupled with the denials of the parties, the names of the indorsers—save one, on a single bill for two thousand dollars—were pronounced forgeries. About this time a letter from the forger was received (by the house which had indorsed his bill), containing a deed for some trifling village property, and a confession that he had for some time been doing business "by permission."

Here ended all surmises. The banks had been swindled, and the only remedy was to commence an immediate and rapid pursuit. Where to follow they had no clew. He had gained a start of one week, which, well improved, might place him in security. In this dilemma, the officers employed the writer to make chase, in the hope of securing a portion of the money with the capture of his person. Upon instituting inquiries into his business habits, I ascertained that he had dealt largely in stock for some years, and was accustomed to the using of considerable sums of money, which he procured in bank on the same kind of paper as that remaining unpaid, and which, doubtless, had all been forged. This was only a step in the examination; but it served to convince me of his audacity, and warned me that I had to deal with a man singularly cunning as well as bold. I next desired to procure such a description of the fugitive's person as would enable me to keep the trail, notwithstanding assumed names and changes of costume. Never having seen the person who was so soon to become the subject of my solicitude, I yet had formed an idea of his appearance. Most people are conscious of an effort of the imagination which almost involuntarily creates some ideal representation of the figure of an actor engaged in scenes which they may hear narrated. When and where such an impression was obtained I do not now remember. My anxiety, without doubt, tended to impress the fancied likeness of the culprit, as though daguerreotyped by some mental process on the brain. When listening to the description, as detailed by one of the cashiers, who was something of a physiognomist, I was startled to see him limning with professional accuracy every outline of my brain-picture. The shades of countenance and expression—a something that defied the strokes of his pencil—I already had. Wondering much at the extraordinary coincidence, I for some days remained unable to explain it. The intensity, however, with which my attention was directed to the subject, with the constantly-recurring image of his person as preconceived, and the strange similarity of the cashier's sketching, led me to believe the whole matter susceptible of explanation—that it was referable to some association, itself long forgotten. Trusting the truth of the impression, my thoughts recalled and revived old recollections of people and things that seemed in any way connected with the subject. Much depended on the truth of the conjecture. The general description that a criminal is six feet high, and so on, does not afford a satisfactory guide for a police-officer. We meet hundreds of men every day who will very well answer it.

The problem was finally solved by the simple circumstance of seeing a friend attired in an outlandish manner suitable for a winter's-day excursion. Something familiar in his habit arrested attention. Afterward, while ruminating on the subject, my mind followed back the chain of events, slowly at first, and link by link; then with the rapidity of lightning, till, attracted by some salient point until now forgotten, one broad flash of light illuminated the dim recess that contained the original of my brain picture; and the forger stood forth in bold relief, as I had seen him stand on the platform waiting for the train, habited in green-topped boots outside of pantaloons, and wearing a broad-brimmed hat slouched over his eyes. His taciturnity, and the singular contour of his face, at the time unwittingly impressed me, as I now found no trouble in remembering. I was indebted to the principle of associated ideas for the recalling of the forgotten memory.

With a buoyant feeling the work of investigation went on. I compared and studied the various signatures, endeavoring to master his style of chirography. There was not, on casual observation, such a similarity in the writing as to lead to the belief that the same hand had executed them. But I arrived at a different conclusion. Some of his imitations were of light-



A BREEZE IN THE GULF OF CALIFORNIA.

handed, regular signatures; and being a rough, straggling sort of penman, in them he had failed. The peculiarities of his heavy hand were minutely observable in almost every letter, especially in their lines of termination. Satisfied now that he could not conceal from me this trait, I relied on the discovery for aid in various ways, believing that I should recognize him under any guise, and be by him unknown.

The forged bills were secured in my pocket; and receiving from my employers money, and letters of credit for more, not knowing when or where my journey would end—whether in London, the mountains of Switzerland, or the gold mines of California, I set out with the apparently hopeless object of arresting a man who was escaping from the State prison, aided by a long start, and the usual nerve common to bold men.

Arrived in New York, a systematic series of observations and inquiries began—hotel registers, drove-yards, and vessels up for foreign ports, were laid under strict surveillance. In the mean time, I learned through a drover that my man, with his wife and child, had been seen on board the *St. Louis*, a California-bound steamer, only a few hours before she sailed; and that, upon being interrogated, he replied he was going to California. The *St. Louis* had sailed ten days before my arrival. Her published list of passengers did not contain his name; nor had any circumstance occurred at the shipping-office, such as the writing of his name, or any other writing, on which to found a supposition that the intelligence was correct. There are so many opportunities of passing unnoticed by different outlets from the great city, and so many secret hiding-places within it, that the chances of success seem diminished to a very small point, indeed, in the far perspective view. The report, for aught I knew, might have been originated by his confederates to mislead pursuit. Understood by the ordinary rules of interpretation, as applied to criminals, his ready avowal of destination meant a departure in any other direction—any where but to San Francisco.

Bankers were inquired of as to the persons to whom they had sold specie or drafts, without getting the desired intelligence. I had expected to obtain evidence showing the conversion of his funds into coin, but failing, concluded that he must have done so at some other point; or that his resolution to escape was long enough maturing to enable him to do so at his leisure.

Finding that minute investigations were delaying valuable time, I resorted to general principles, and canvassed, one by one, the few items ascertained. The conclusion was, that Mr. B—— was not to be judged by the rules that govern other men's actions; that, as he had displayed very superior talent and boldness in returning to Ohio for his family after the maturity of the bills, and had conducted an escape over the only Sunday train on the Erie Railway so as to preclude the possibility of capture before he sailed on Monday (if he did sail with the *St. Louis*); in short, he meant just what he said when he announced his destination to be California, supposing that no person would for an instant believe it. But I thought him capable of scientific finessing, though, in this instance, it might be deemed a little too finely drawn.

As the *Illinois* was to sail next day for the Isthmus, the writer walked down to the foot of Warren Street, and secured a passage in the name of Mr. Comstock, to prevent accidents; and now, if any gentleman bearing that name objects to my temporary use of it, I herewith restore in as good a state of preservation as any reasonable man could expect, after performing a tour in the detective service. We proceeded to sea on the 5th day of February, with fifteen hundred souls on board. For some days the decks were encumbered with baggage and with sick passengers, whose attentions were equally divided between leaning over the rail, apparently contemplating the depths of the sea, and in making insane attempts to walk the heaving deck. The *Illinois* is built on a model combining great speed and strength. She behaved nobly in a heavy gale we encountered off the Bahamas. We had been steering for the windward passage into the Caribbean Sea, and were rapidly running down our latitude when the storm burst upon us. The ship rolled in an ugly cross-sea, at times nearly submerging her wheels, while the engines continued to make nine or ten revolutions per minute. I knew that Captain Boggs would diminish her speed whenever he deemed such a rate dangerous, and kept my place on deck, whence most of the passengers had retired. Poised on an enormous wave, she sometimes pointed her bowsprit for a moment toward the bottom of the sea, then rising lightly on the next wave, passed level through its crest, with a surge of her iron wheels striking the water amidships such as to make the blows distinctly felt all over the ship. She was as tight as a drum, though the spoon-drift occasionally came inboard. One huge wave carried away a portion of the starboard wheelhouse, with four soldiers in the water-closets attached; then rolling aft, it disappeared in the scuppers and down the cabin stairs. The soldiers were not missed until next day. Our lady passengers mostly made up their minds to go to the bottom of the sea that night, raising

LOADING CATTLE.

cries of affright whenever a sudden lurch pitched loose articles to and fro with a noise. Once during the night the vessel lay very much over on her side, the fastenings of some tables drew out, and away they went with a bang, fetching up on the opposite side of the cabin, and raising such a racket as to bring every body to their feet. Some of the ladies rushed into the rooms of their male acquaintances for companionship in their terror.

Arrived at Aspinwall, thence by railway across the Isthmus, a three hours' ride, to the old city of Panama, where the South American mail-steamer *Taboga*, bound for the western coast of South America, was lying in port. No other vessel of that line had departed since the arrival of the *St. Louis's* passengers, and as very few Americans travel that route, I had no trouble in ascertaining at the office that my man had not been there, and was not then on board the *Taboga*. All day was spent in looking after such straggling Americans as were to be found, but without gaining any information. Hiring a boat in the evening, I went on board the steamship *John L. Stephens*, and before midnight we got under weigh.

The long passage of three thousand five hundred miles to San Francisco was sometimes enlivened by incidents, such as singing and dancing on deck of moonlight nights. At Acapulco we took in supplies. The cattle are brought off shore, swimming, by the sides of the boats. They are hoisted by means of a rope tied round their horns, and block and tackle rigged out on the end of a yard-arm, even with the deck, when the sailors pull them in board by the tail, and they are safely landed. One huge bullock plunged and kicked when he was dragged in, and, despite the efforts of the men, backed over the side. He fell twenty-five feet into the water, floundering and splashing like a whale.

The first officer, a genuine specimen of a sailor, was noted for his seamanship and his bluff good-humor. He was always on his legs, often chatting with the passengers, and perpetually finding work to do. If any body carelessly soiled the snowy deck, old Westfall was sure to call mops and squilgees into requisition. In common with old sailors, our first officer entertained feelings of contempt for the humdrum life on board steam-vessels, and was wont to illustrate it by a recital of the history of a passage made by one of the Company's steamers and a clipper-ship from New York to San Francisco. Two days after the steamer left port the clipper unmoored, and "spreading her wings for a race," she followed Lieutenant Maury's directions, "blazing her way across the seas," and up with Cape Horn in fifty-five days. Off Valparaiso she overhauled the steamer and passed her, like walking away from a stationary object, with studding-sails set alow and aloft. No longer able to control himself, the vanquished captain of the steamer jumped up on her rail, and gave loud vent to his feelings of disgust by cursing every thing that wore a smoke-stack.

One day, in crossing the Gulf of California, the ship was laboring through a tremendous sea, against a head-wind that blew strong and steadily. The old fellow seemed to derive enjoyment from the gale. He called it a favorable breeze—nothing more; and assured us that the wind ahead always caused the furnaces to draw better than in a calm. The next day, when two thousand miles from the Isthmus, we met the *Uncle Sam* coming down under a press of canvas and steam. Exchanging salutations as she swept by, our vessel tacked off to her course, plunging through the long seas and every day bringing cooler weather. To our great relief the voyage terminated on the first day of March by our passage through the magnificent entrance of the Golden Gate to the bay of San Francisco.

Once ashore, and quietly settled in my quarters, I set to work, without procuring aid from the police, hunting the trail of the fugitive. Assuming that he had been a first cabin passenger, I copied on a card the names of those in the first cabin having wives, who arrived on the steamer of the 14th February. There were but eight couples; three of them were soon traced to their homes; thus materially narrowing the bounds of the search. An interview with the Express messenger, who accompanied them from New York, satisfied me that a personage called Jones needed looking after. His name was found at the Railroad Hotel, whence he departed on the 15th of February, about the date of the sailing of the *Republic* for Oregon. To the office of the Steamship Company I next proceeded to learn if he had sailed on her. Many persons were crowding around the desks, and the clerks gave no heed to my request. Calling repeatedly, my attempts were as often repulsed. At length, through the assistance of an officer connected with one of their ships, it was ascertained that Jones did sail on the *Republic*. The way began to open up; a trip to Oregon was inevitable, but much to be regretted on account of the prolongation of the voyage. Another steamer, the *Columbia*, was to sail on the 6th of March, leaving me two days of intervening idleness, which time was improved in trying to find other evidence of his departure, but without success. Brooding over it, I formed a resolution that, as it was a long way to go on a fool's errand,

I would not go unless I obtained confirmation of the route. So setting off in hunt of the officer, I inquired if he saw the list of passengers by the *Republic*. As I expected, he replied No; that a clerk had given the information without reference to the book. I next went to the office, and opened my mission by a request to see the agent. He could not be seen, so a young gentleman perched on a high stool informed me, and, turning away, he began to write, but left off to inquire if it was some urgent business. He got a broadside in reply; they had not shown me the common civility due among gentlemen, and were withholding important information through incivility and carelessness. Coloring red, he stuck the pen behind his ear, and descending from the stool, reached down a book, which together we examined. There was no such name as Jones on it. I experienced a feeling of relief, as Dana somewhere expresses it, "as though just springing from an iron trap which was closing upon me," and felt that nothing but an inherent, bull-dog determination had saved me a long and fruitless trip.

Resuming the examination of hotel registers of the date of February 14, and extending through a period ten days later, I found at the International the name of Hiram C——. Astonished to meet with it at all when he was supposed to be quietly farming up in Oregon, I looked again and found Mormon Island, California, written opposite as his place of residence. This man Hiram was an old acquaintance of mine. He had been a schoolmate of the fugitive's wife, as their parents' dwellings were situated within a stone's cast of each other. What business, I asked myself, could have led him to San Francisco, if not to meet the *St. Louis's* passengers? Here, in common parlance, was "a go," and a rather "rum one" at that; but making a note of it for future consideration, I went on with my work. The possession of the forger's autograph enabled me, with confidence, to scan page after page of signatures, and, as so much trash, to forever dismiss them from thought. There were many Joneses, Browns, and Taylors, written in every imaginable manner; but no signature that arrested attention, until turning over a leaf at the Rasette House, I saw, under date of 15th February, H. S. B——. I knew he was in California then, notwithstanding the crafty dodge of the initial letters H. S. The six thousand miles of pursuit had not been fruitless thus far, for the handwriting was incontestibly that of the forger. But he left the hotel on the 16th, and, with twenty days the start, he might then be in the heart of the Sierra Nevada, or in the Sandwich Islands.

Before forming any conjecture as to his probable route, my next plan was to find the driver who had conveyed his luggage from the hotel. After a hard day's work I found him; but the time was so long past, and he had conveyed such numbers of people to various points, that his memory of the transaction was rather dim. He was positive, however, that he had set my man down on the wharf of a river steamer. This exactly comported with my surmises, and so well agreed with my plans, that I forthwith proceeded to execute them by taking a steamboat for Sacramento, *en route* for Mormon Island, on purpose to look into the domestic arrangements of my quandam friend Hiram C——, thinking that, perhaps, a personal inspection would enable me to account for his presence at San Francisco on the arrival of the forger. On the afternoon of the second day I arrived at Mormon Island, a mining village on the American River, and found many miners scattered along the stream, and the mountain sides, at work. After a little desultory conversation with the proprietor of the boarding shanty with whom I stopped, the precise locality of Mr. Hiram C——'s claim was ascertained, and he was easily prevailed on to accompany me on a little prospecting tour, with pick and pan, and shovel.

Gold washing is a back-breaking business. A bushel of dirt did not yield five cents' worth of gold, and I got all over bespattered with mud and dirty water. Before an hour I had as much reason to be dissatisfied with the Mormon Island trace as with its gold yield; for one glance of the personage named Hiram C—— convinced me that he was not the man wanted. Returning to Sacramento, a thorough search of the city ended in disappointment. I had determined to go back to the city of San Francisco and try some other route, when I noticed a small steamboat about to start to Marysville. Her passengers were going aboard from the San Francisco boat without tarrying on shore. The forger could have passed Sacramento in the same way, I argued; and delivering myself over to the control of a kind of vagabond destiny, feeling that it mattered little whither I went, I took passage and paddled all day up Feather River.

The first register examined at Marysville, under date of February 17 (which was allowing the party two days to reach there), disclosed the name of my man, with another alias prefixed. I followed the clew to the stage-office, thence to N——, a populous mining town forty-five miles distant in the mountains. Reaching that place late on the next day, the time, until night, was employed in looking through various places of resort without discovering any trace. A building, lately a hotel, but then closed and

THE ARREST.

in charge of a receiver, attracted my notice. Upon learning that it had been closed but a few days, I proceeded after nightfall to the premises and obtained admission. The former landlord brought a lamp to the deserted bar-room, where the decanters and other paraphernalia still remained. Looking on his register under date of 18th February, the fatal inscription again appeared. Judging that the fugitive must have called a halt, as the place is environed by mountains, I carelessly inquired if Boniface knew the present location of the party. He had seen him only the day before, and he was then living in town, but he did not know where; his porter had conveyed their goods to the new abode, and he could get him to guide me. Declining the assistance, I beat a retreat with a very conscious feeling of having pushed the inquiry a little too far; for I had yet to find the sheriff, who only was authorized by my writ to make the arrest. Fearing that Boniface would meet the fugitive, and might say that a stranger had been looking for him, I saw the necessity for instant action, and proceeded on hunt of the officer. Finding him about nine o'clock, the writ was placed in his hands. We then returned to the hotel and made the landlord a *confidante*, as through him only could we obtain the porter, Jim, for a guide. After an hour's search we found him at a circus, and, laying hands on him, went back in triumph to the house, where I ordered refreshments for the party, double-locked the doors, and we held a council of war. Jim considerably dampened our ardor by the information that our man had, for one day, been absent, and, he thought, was not yet returned. We nevertheless proceeded, at midnight, by a narrow street leading to the suburbs, where our guide halted before a small dwelling, and whispered that this was the place. Dismissing him, we remained on watch, as we had determined, from the information, not to enter the premises, fearing to alarm the family without securing him, but to wait for "something to turn up." The dwelling was dark and silent. A deep ravine, with precipitous banks all dug over for gold, bordered the south side of the premises. On its opposite margin, and darkening the gloom of the mountain side, immense pines shaded the starlight from a torrent that coursed over its rocky bed.

The officer, at my request, retired to sleep until near morning, for one could quite as well stand sentinel. Hour after hour wore slowly away in pacing back and forth; sometimes varying the monotony of the watch by going completely around the house to be assured that no sign of alarm was visible. In ignorance of his impending fate the forger slept peacefully; but his pursuer, for the first time during the long journey, having time and solitude for thought, felt pity for the sad fate which awaited the family, as two, at least, were guiltless.

Animated by the prospect of a successful termination to the chase, unbidden images of home arose, and of the welcome there waiting when returned across the distant seas. But with each picture came an accompanying shadow of the wife's prayer uttered too late to avert vengeance; of the agony too great for tears attending the separation on the morrow.

At the dawning of day the sheriff returned, leading a horse ready saddled. Without hitching, we stood by the animal as though engaged in examining him preparatory to a trade, that the cause of our lingering near might not be suspected.

Should B—— take the alarm and try to escape, his only possible plan, I judged, would be to get softly out at the rear part of the house and make a bold push down the rocky hollow. In all other directions horsemen could quickly get ahead of him. On the opposite side of the ravine the daylight disclosed a considerable canal, filled with running water for the supply of a mill below. Once across this barrier he might elude pursuit in the mountains. But if he followed the gorge, which was impassable for horsemen, he might defy pursuit, provided he could reach and pass a bridge near half a mile below, where another road, leading by a circuitous route, crossed the chasm. The geography of the place satisfied me that the thing I had to do, in case of alarm, was to reach the lower bridge first, leaving the sheriff on foot to skirmish in the rear.

At sunrise a thin column of smoke began to ascend from the chimney: the family were evidently astir. Yet for half an hour not a soul was visible. Could the wife be alone? was the question we discussed. Meanwhile the horse-trading went on furiously. Such higgling and Jewing apparently was never before seen outside a farrier's yard. Finally the door opened, and the proprietor himself appeared in the doorway with a yawn, where, for a short time, he stood looking at us with a lazy regard, thinking us a couple of horse-jockeys. As he started for a stroll to town the bridle was dropped, leaving the horse to take care of himself, for our game was within shot. He was a large and powerful man, in the prime of life; but his physical advantages were not destined to aid him. Before he was aware of the object of the movement we had hold of him, though he started as if shocked by electricity. Making an attempt to withdraw his hand, as though grasping a weapon, the motion was checked by the timely display of a pistol-barrel containing six of Colt's irresistible arguments pointed at his breast.

RIDE THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS.

We secured his revolver, and about two hundred dollars in coin, which was given to his wife. She pleaded earnestly for permission to return home with her husband. But having represented to her that she could be of no possible service to him, that the spectacle of her husband being taken home a prisoner could not fail of being known to the hundreds of passengers, she was persuaded to remain, and then follow on some other steamer.

Apprehending trouble from writs of *habeas corpus*, we procured a carriage with the best horses to be found, and at noon started for Sacramento, distant seventy-five miles, thirty-seven miles of the way lying through the mountains and foot hills of the Sierra Nevada. The sheriff acted as our whip, and he drove like another Jehu, keeping up a long, sweeping trot over the roughest roads, and up hill as well as down. Our horses nobly sustained their credit for speed and powers of endurance, hardened as they were by the journey from the Atlantic States across the Continent. Late in the afternoon we emerged into the open plains of the Sacramento, which, far as the eye could reach, were uninhabited. Still pursuing our rapid way, the sun went down behind the range of coast mountains, and the stars came out of the sky when we halted for the night at a rude inn, distant fifty-one miles from the point of departure. We reached Sacramento the next morning, where the sheriff was dismissed, and we proceeded by steamboat to San Francisco. The *Antelope* is one of the old Hudson River boats. She was taken through the Straits of Magellan and up the coast to San Francisco a few years ago.

Upon reaching the city my prisoner was lodged in jail to await the sailing of a steamer for home. During the intervening time he caused much trouble by attempting to escape on writs of *habeas corpus*. We put to sea on the 20th March, where, once fairly outside the heads, and clear of shore boats, his door was unlocked, and he was as free as any other cabin passenger, subject, however, to an interdiction not allowing him to hold converse with any person on the subject of his arrest. I proposed that he should thus return quietly without the ignominious treatment to which refractory conduct might compel me to resort.

The passage to Panama was rapidly drawing to a close when a serious difficulty began to stare me in the face. It was a doubt as to my right of custody while crossing the territory of another government. On the seas, in one of our vessels, it was undoubted; but as to the rights acquired by treaty touching the transmission of goods, mails, and passengers across the Isthmus, I found the rascal better informed than I was, and he incautiously expressed his disbelief in any authority sufficiently strong to hold him. Warned by experience of the stealthy communications he had succeeded in making to attorneys at San Francisco, there seemed to be no doubt of his trying the same game to procure the intervention of some government official on our landing at Panama. Failing in this, he might escape by plunging into the dense undergrowth of jungle and vines along the road-side, and in a minute be as completely lost to view as though miles lay between us. The opportunity for making a last, desperate attempt for freedom would hardly pass unimproved.

My resolution to take him through safely became the more determined as I had right, if not law, on my side. The first move was to enlist the assistance of a few resolute fellows, who readily armed themselves and promised to "see me through," a phrase which, when used by mountain men who had faced dangers before, conveyed an assuring and significant meaning. Precisely who they were he did not know—on that point he was left to his own conjectures; so that whenever he saw any body in the way he might imagine him one of his sentinels. He was informed, in general terms, of the arrangement, and was also told of the revival, in this case, of the old rule that "might makes right;" that he was surrounded by a force sufficiently strong to retain him in spite of any attempt to make a rescue. The undertaking required delicate management to prevent his tampering with the authorities; or, to keep him should that precaution fail, prudence dictated that he should not be taken ashore in irons, on account of exciting remark. We waited until the blind rush of disembarking passengers was well through, when he was quietly landed and escorted to a hotel without attracting notice. Before the hour fixed for the departure of the train I started one of our men out with a commission to purchase ice, cigars, and Champagne, to be placed in some car for the use of our party, as the heat of the climate was intense, and I desired to keep them about us. Our envoy found the cars locked, but he, like a prudent general, took up a position on one of the platforms, which he defended until our arrival. By this means we secured an entire car for our use.

Dusky groups of negroes and half-breeds swarmed around, offering to sell fruits and nuts. They are a half naked, uncivilized race. One of our men, thinking there was no prospect of any trouble, on his own account got up an extemporaneous muss with the natives, which we quelled with difficulty. I am persuaded that,

if the train had not started too soon, the savage massacre that took place on the same spot, in ten days thereafter, might have begun with us. It would have resulted very differently, perhaps; and the breech-clout gentry ought to congratulate themselves on their luck, for at least one car-load of our men were well armed, and ready for any thing in its nature "spontaneous."

We safely arrived at Aspinwall on the Atlantic side, where, by means of a pass from the President of the Panama Railway, I obtained of the agent permission to transfer my prisoner to the vessel.

On the 16th of April, after an absence of seventy-one days, and traversing, by sea and land, near fourteen thousand miles, we reached New York. Upon his return to Ohio the banks secured seven thousand dollars of their claims, through the agency of his friends, when, as an illustration of the uncertainties of the law, he was mysteriously released from prison one night before trial, and he disappeared to rejoin his family, it is to be hoped, a wiser and better man. Sympathy for his broken-hearted young wife, doubtless, had much to do with his release.

J. B. Armstrong.

DO WE BURY ALIVE?

"A spark of life may lurk unseen."

A year or two ago I was traveling in Germany, and, for the first time, met with an apparatus to prevent the very unpleasant misfortune of being buried alive. I had always been curious to see this arrangement, of which other travelers had told me, and had sometimes had a thought of introducing the plan, if it worked well, into the city of New York, where I expect to be buried, and where I prefer being buried after death rather than before. We are a fast people in these American States. We are a fast people in the city of New York. I think we are rather faster here than in any other part of the country, especially in this matter of burying the dead, or those supposed to be dead; for so much in a hurry are we, it is not to be wondered at if now and then a live one is put under the sod. We walk so fast to the grave, when we are willing to walk at all, that the gentleman's remark was in point for the procession as well as for himself, when he observed, at the funeral of his wife, "Let us go slower; we are making a toil of pleasure."

People often die—or are supposed to die—one day and are buried the next; and this, too, when no *necessity* requires such unseemly haste. Love might ask delay, but some secret impulse to have the business over urges to instant preparation for the burial, and the ceremony is hastened as if the Macbethian rule were as good for burying as for murder:

> "If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
> It were done quickly."

Is it a morbid feeling that has always had possession of me on this subject, that from childhood I have had a fear that the fate of one "buried alive" might be my fate? If the feeling is a morbid one, I caught it in a very natural way. This was the way: When I was not more than ten years old, a lady in the village, young and lovely, the victim of a lingering disease, at last was laid in the cold and silent grave. She could scarcely have been said to die—she ceased to live, so gentle was her departure; so little like to dying, it was sleeping rather.

> "They thought her dying when she slept,
> And sleeping when she died."

But when she did not wake for a day or two, and no signs of life lingered round the heart, and the mirror (an old-fashioned test of death) had been held before her mouth, and was not dimmed with the faintest cloud of breath, she was clad in white raiment, and then

> "In the cold, damp earth we laid her, where the forest casts its leaf,
> And we wept that one so lovely should have a lot so brief;
> Yet not unmeet it seemed that that young friend of ours,
> So lovely and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers."

After the burial, the idea got abroad that she was not dead. It was said that at many different times she had fallen into long trances, which had so much resembled death that it was hard to tell the difference; and the rumor grew from day to day, till nothing would allay the excitement but to open the grave and see if any signs were there of her having actually come to life after she was buried. True, it could do no good, but it would satisfy the public mind, and that is something in a country village, where every body knows every body and his wife. I remember well the summer afternoon when a number of men—the minister was one of them—and the deacons, and a few others with them, went to the church-yard to see the grave opened. I was among the boys who followed them in, and as the men reached the coffin in digging, there was a deeper stillness than a fortnight ago when it was lowered there. They scraped the earth from the wood. It was too slow a task to extricate the coffin itself from the ground, and the diggers split the cover, and removed the fragments, exposing the body to the gaze of those who stood above. I had crept through the crowd, and was looking down into the grave, at its head, on my hands and knees. I had seen the face of the buried one, in that same coffin, two weeks ago, and I looked to see it again, as the narrow house was once more opened to the light of heaven.

The face was not to be seen. It was turned over, and the shroud was torn to rags, and the horrid evidence forced upon every beholder that a struggle terrible to think of—oh! how much more terrible to endure—had been made in that dungeon of despair. She must have revived just before or just after the grave was closed, and made a brief but dreadful fight with fate before she suffocated. The pang was short—there was comfort in that—but she doubtless woke to the consciousness of her doom, and then succumbed. Perhaps she knew all, and suffered all, from the moment of her falling asleep till she perished. The soul may have been active and keenly struggling, while friends wept and prayed, and yet was able to make no sign. There was no help for it now. All that could be done was to fill up the grave again, and *think*. There was much thinking done, and much talking, too. Nothing else was talked of for many a long day and week. All the cases of premature interment that were ever heard of were repeated now, with such attendant circumstances of horror as the imagination of superstitious people would suggest. It was at this time that I heard the following very remarkable instance related:

Mrs. Erskine, the wife of the Rev. Mr. Erskine, of Scotland, was supposed to die. The event was sudden, but the evidence was so clear that scarcely a doubt arose as to the fact. She had a gold ring on her finger, which she had worn so long that now it could not be drawn over the joint without violence. This her friends were unwilling to use, and she was laid in the minister's vault, beneath the church. The sexton was smitten with the love of gold, and determined to get possession of the ring. In the middle of the night he wended his way to the church, descended into the sanctuary of the dead, opened the door of the vault and the lid of the coffin, lifted the arm of the sleeper, and having taken the finger with the ring on it in his hand, proceeded to cut it off. With the first incision of the knife the hand was snatched away, and a sharp scream from the corpse sent the frightened sexton heels over head out of the vault, leaving the doors wide open behind him in his flight. He never stopped in his race till he was snug in his own bed again, saying his prayers. Mrs. Erskine, who had all the while been conscious of what was transpiring, was grateful indeed for the burglarious interposition of the thieving rascal, and extricating herself as soon as possible from her contracted quarters, crept out of the vault and into the street, and then pursued her way to her own door. In answer to her knock, Mr. Erskine called out,

"Who's there?"

"It is your own wife," she replied, "and I am dying with cold. Let me in quickly."

His astonishment can not well be described; but he answered,

"The voice is so much like that of my beloved, I should believe it hers if I had not buried her to-day."

"Let me in," said she, "and I will tell you all."

The astonished pastor, willing to believe, but hardly able to persuade himself that it was not all a dream, arose and admitted his wife. Once more in her own bed, and revived by such stimulus as a Scotch parsonage is always well supplied with, Mrs. Erskine was speedily brought up again, and in a few days was able to resume the duties of life. A marvelous resurrection indeed! And one of the most marvelous and pleasant incidents in the story remains to be told: she became the mother of two sons, the celebrated Ralph and Ebenezer Erskine, than whom two greater and better preachers Scotland never produced.

Now if this is a fact, and I suppose it is, it is a lesson not to be lost on all mankind. What a loss to the world would the suffocation of the Rev. Mrs. Erskine have been? what must the world have missed if those sons had never been born? But what I had seen in childhood and heard impressed me deeply with the necessity of caution in the burial of the dead, lest perchance now and then, perhaps only once in the lifetime of a whole generation, one living being should be condemned to the anguish of a doom from the bare thought of which the mind recoils.

Then we read of the Fakirs of India, who practice a sort of voluntary dying, and return to life after a burial of many days—a fact that is too well attested by evidence of resident missionaries to be disputed. It is a religious rite, resorted to for the mortification of the members and the purification of the soul. The wretched heathen devotee retires within himself, and so effectually, that to all outward appearances he is dead, and he is then actually buried. After the lapse of some days—fourteen have been recorded in some cases—the grave is opened, and the man is taken out, more dead than alive indeed, but still living; and after careful nursing and the use of restoratives he is able to "have his being" again among his fellow-men.

Not long ago we had the case related of an officer in the English army who possessed this extraordinary faculty of voluntarily suspending the functions of life. He was in the habit of amusing himself and astounding his friends by feigning death, and this he could do so perfectly that all ordinary tests of animation failed to discover the deception. At last, on a wager as to the length of time through which he could carry it, he died too well, and never came to again. Such facts are not to be lightly passed by. If there be the faculty of voluntary suspension of the signs of life, if men may be actually buried for many successive days and then restored alive—if the well-known cases of catalepsy, of trances, and exhaustion protracted till death seems certain, are within the observation of all, may it not be true, especially in seasons of epidemic disease, that many persons are prematurely buried? And would it not be *humanity* to provide the means of preventing such a calamity, if it were to befall but a single individual in a century?

It is now but a short time since a friend of the writer, a gentleman of undoubted character and veracity, related to him the following history. He said that in calling on a gentleman in a neighboring city, with whom he had done business for the past ten years, he observed that he signed a check with his left hand; and on remarking it, received this explanation, which we give in his own words, as our friend related them to us:

"When I was a young man, I was stung by a bee on the neck. Immediately after it the symptoms of lock-jaw ensued, and in a few hours' time I became rigid, and at length, as my friends supposed, died. The grief of my father was excessive, and he would not be induced to believe in his sudden affliction. Friends assured him of the fact, and he had an examination made by eminent physicians, all of whom pronounced me dead. I was kept several days, and at length prepared for burial. The funeral services were attended in the house, and the coffin kept open for the friends to look at my body. *During all this time I was perfectly conscious of every thing that was going on around me*, and in a state of horror that no words can describe. The last moment arrived, and my father came to look once more on my face. I knew he was bending over me, and that in a moment more the coffin lid would close over me forever. The terrible mental convulsion of that moment made itself visible to the eye of my father in a slight trembling of my eyelid, the sole movement that my will was able to accomplish. He called aloud that I was not dead. They crowded around; again declared that I was dead, and that he was deceived. They attributed his notion to his affection for me, and the deep anxiety of a father. But he refused to be overpowered again. He had me removed from the coffin, and he persisted in continuing his restorative applications, but it was long—very many hours" (we have forgotten our informant's statement in this respect, but our recollection is that it was one or two days), "before life was visible. I was restored, and regained my health and activity, with the exception of one arm, which has ever since remained paralyzed."

We have no doubt that there are many in this city who will recognize this story.

In this connection, too, it is not improper to mention a perfectly well-authenticated case which occurred on one of our railways a short time ago.

A train of cars plunged into a river, and many passengers were drowned. Among them was a young lady, who was taken out of the water after a long submersion, and pronounced dead. A stage-driver passing, and looking on, observed the countenance of the lady, and would not be induced to believe that one so beautiful was dead. He asked permission to attempt to revive her. The attending physicians refused, saying that she was undoubtedly dead. He persisted in carrying her into a house, and went out into the street and hired two laborers to work for him by the half day; took them in, and ordered them to chafe the body of the supposed dead lady. They obeyed; but at the end of an hour refused to work longer on what they considered a useless task. He persisted that she could not be dead, and refused to pay them a cent unless they would keep on, asking them whether it was not easier work than digging dirt? They kept on, and at the end of three hours and some minutes were rewarded with signs of life in the body, and the eventual restoration of the young lady. It is hardly necessary to add that the father of the lady, who is one of our most distinguished literary men, rewarded the noble-hearted saviour of his daughter in a manner characteristic of his own warm heart.

In this country we are so much addicted to the largest liberty that it is absurd to talk of making laws to prevent parents from burying their children, or to prevent children from performing that office for their parents as soon as they please. It has recently been decided in the old Brick Church case that the nearest relative has a right of property in the remains of the dead, and even after the lapse of fifty years may claim and save them from desecration. According to this decision, which our best instincts, our holiest affections, and soundest judgment approve, a man ceases to be his own owner as soon as he ceases to breathe. If he has not disposed of his body by will and testament, and the lawful heirs should differ among themselves as to the right of possession, we do not know that any precedent can be cited to settle the question. So long as there is any reason to suppose that life is in him, he has his own rights, and may lie on his own bed. But as soon as the breath is out of his body, the spirit having returned to Him who gave it, the remains are at the disposal of surviving friends, and the law will not interfere to prevent instant interment if they are so disposed. Fortunately the Turkish idea does not prevail in the West, that the soul is not at rest till the body is laid in the grave. That notion hastens burials there, and if we were to add the Oriental superstition upon the popular anxiety to hasten interments, we should increase disastrously the hazard, now too fearful, of consigning those we love to living tombs.

The story of Mrs. Erskine becoming the mother of two children after being raised from the grave may be treated as apocryphal, but the following is already a matter of history, and is recorded by Dr. Plot in his *Chronicles of Oxfordshire:*

"In the year 1650, Anne Green, a servant of Sir Thomas Reed, was tried for the murder of her new-born child and found guilty. She was executed in the court-yard at Oxford, where she hung about half an hour. Being cut down, she was put into a coffin and brought away to a house to be dissected; where, when they opened the coffin, notwithstanding the rope remained unloosed and strait about her neck, they perceived her breast to rise; whereupon one Masson, a tailor, intending only an act of charity, set his foot upon her, and, as some say, one Orum, a soldier, struck her again with the but-end of his musket. Notwithstanding all which, when the learned and eminent Sir William Perry, ancestor of the present Marquis of Lansdowne, then Anatomy Professor of the University, Dr. Wallis, and Dr. Clark, then President of Magdalen College and Vice-Chancellor of the University, came to prepare the body for dissection, they perceived some small rattling in her throat; hereupon desisting from their former purpose, they presently used means for her recovery by opening a vein, laying her in a warm bed, and also using divers remedies respecting her senselessness, insomuch that within fourteen hours she began to speak, and next day talked and prayed very heartily. During the time of this her recovery, the officers concerned in her execution would needs have had her away again to have completed it on her; but by the mediation of the worthy doctors and some other friends with the then governor of the city, Colonel Kelsy, there was a guard put upon her from all further disturbance, till they had sued out her pardon from the government. Much doubt, indeed, arose as to her actual guilt. Crowds of people in the mean time came to see her, and many asserted that it must be the providence of God who would thus assert her innocence.

"After some time, Dr. Petty hearing she discoursed with those about her, and suspecting that the women might suggest unto her to relate something of strange visions and apparitions she had seen during the time she seemed to be dead (which they had already begun to do, telling that she said she had been in a fine green meadow, having a river running round it, and all things there glittered like silver and gold), he caused all to depart from the room but the gentlemen of the faculty who were to have been at the dissection, and asked her concerning her sense and apprehensions during the time she was hanged. To which she answered that she neither remembered how the fetters were knocked off; how she went out of the prison; when she was turned off the ladder; whether any psalm was sung or not; nor was she sensible of any pains, that she could remember. She came to herself as if she had awakened out of a sleep, not recovering the use of her speech by slow degrees, but in a manner altogether, beginning to speak just where she left off on the gallows.

"Being thus, at length, perfectly recovered, after thanks given to God and the persons instrumental in bringing her to life, and procuring her an immunity from further punishment, she retired into the country to her friends at Steeple Barton, where she was afterward married, and lived in good repute among her neighbors, having three children, and not dying till 1659."

This is quaintly told, but it is a striking example of the deceitfulness of appearances, under circumstances when it would hardly be possible for such a mistake to be made. In this case the mistake was the occasion of saving the poor girl's life, but a mistake at another time might have proved the death of some who had a better right to live. Another instance, very like to the one just mentioned, is recorded by a celebrated French author. It is the case of a girl also, and who was executed by hanging. Her employer had become exasperated at her, in consequence of her steady refusal to submit to his will, and he caused some of his property to be put into her box among her own clothing. Accusing her of theft, a search was made, and the discovery was considered the best proof of the charge. She was seized and thrown into prison. She defended herself only by her tears. Indeed she could not *prove* that she did not put the property into her box, and her only answer to the interrogatories was, that she was innocent. The judges before whom she was brought had no suspicion of the deep depravity of the wretch who accused her; his station and reputation

were respectable, and regarding the evidence against the poor girl as conclusive, they administered the law in all its rigor. She was condemned to be hung; for in those days it is said that hanging was the punishment for stealing, if the criminal stole the worth of a halter. It happened that the hangman who was to officiate on this occasion was to make his first experiment upon this innocent sufferer, and his awkwardness may account for the insufficient manner in which the work was performed. A surgeon had purchased the body for dissection, and it was taken down from the gallows and conveyed directly to his house. In the course of the evening he entered his dissecting-room, and having approached the table on which the body was lying, he was about to make an incision, when he perceived a gentle warmth about the breast. The knife fell from his hand, for, familiar as he was with the dead, he was startled at the thought of cutting rashly into the living. His professional spirit also was roused, and if a spark of life was yet lingering in the bosom of this young woman he would, if possible, rekindle the flame. From the table he bore her to a warm bath and bed. Every moment increased the evidence that the vital spark was not extinct. He soon had the satisfaction of seeing sure and certain signs of animation. Before she became conscious, the surgeon sent for a venerable clergyman, on whose discretion he could depend, in order to consult with him on the singular circumstances in which he was now placed, having found himself in possession of a living person who belonged to the government, and was still under sentence of death. The clergyman came. He was dressed in his ecclesiastical garb, and his form and countenance were in striking keeping with his dress and profession. He stood by the side of the bed, and the moment the unfortunate young woman opened her eyes they fell on his majestic and solemn countenance. Joining her trembling hands, and supposing herself to be in eternity, in the presence of her final Judge, she exclaimed,

"Holy Father, God of heaven and earth, you know my innocence, have mercy on me!"

In words like these she continued to invoke the reverend man, believing still that she had indeed entered the world of spirits. He spoke to her kindly, and with much gentleness soothed her feelings, and by degrees led her to understand her true position. Then she awoke to a sense of her danger; but the surgeon and the priest agreed to keep the secret, and they aided her in hiding herself until a pardon could be procured. But the trial, the gallows, and the gaping multitude were haunting her continually, and it was long, very long, before she was able to dispel those dreadful images from her mind.

From the records of the gallows we could furnish many cases of this sort, but they are common, and only illustrate a single form of apparent death, whereas in the daily ravages of disease there are numerous and almost indescribable ways by which the most wary and watchful are liable to be deceived.

In Italy a few years ago, as a priest—a youthful priest—was traveling on foot, he chanced at evening to reach a village, where the death of a fair maiden had been bewailed through the day with loud lament and floods of tears. She was the fairest of the village fair. She had been crowned with roses many a time as Queen of Beauty, and now on an elevated couch she had been laid through the day, and strewed with flowers, while the whole people, old and young, had wept and prayed for the repose of her soul. The next day she would be buried. The priest approached the couch on which she was lying, and knelt to pray. He was smitten with her beauty, radiant even in death; for, as I have seen the faces of the dead in Italy, they restore the tints of the rose on the marble cheeks, and if they were lily white in life, they make them blush after the blood has set back to the source. Whether he was struck with any signs of life or not is not told, but he begged the privilege of keeping a solitary vigil by the side of the dead, during the long night that was now closing round them. His request was granted, with many thanks for the pious prayers he would offer while watching with the corpse. The young man found himself alone, with the lovely form of a woman, and, for the first time in his life, he began to reflect upon the sacrifice of love, the smothering of human and holy passion in his breast, which his vows of priesthood had imposed. He looked and loved still more. The more he looked the more he loved, and then the madness of such a love rushed on him. To love the dead was madness; for a priest to love the living was madness; what, then, must it be for a priest to love even an angel in her shroud? The hours of night, slow, dark, awful, dragged themselves on, and the fire of his heart was burning up into his brain. If she were *living*, he would take her in his arms and fly the land of priestly tyranny, abjure the religion that denied him the holiest joys of earth, and in some distant and better country he would make her his bride—his wife! Half frantic, as these thoughts pressed on his soul, he threw himself by the side of the corpse; he pressed his lips to hers; he drew her to his own beating, almost bursting heart, and held her in one still, solemn, holy, long embrace. Was it fancy? Did he feel a faint responsive throbbing in the heart that in death was thrilling his own with unutterable love? Did he feel a breath, as if a spirit fluttered on his lips? It was not fancy. He held a living being in his arms! A genial glow was soon pervading her nerves, and slowly, but surely, all the machinery of life began to move, and the dead was alive again. When the first moment of wonder was past, and she was made to understand the deliverance which she had experienced, she saw in the young and handsome priest her saviour. He refused to listen to her thanks, but sued for love. He was eloquent, and she not deaf to his burning words. But what could they do? His vows were upon him, and they could not marry. They must fly. Before the morning light returned they had formed their plans. He announced to her parents the resurrection of the night, in answer to his prayers, and while yet the stars were shining in the brow of day he was on his pilgrimage with staff in hand.

A few weeks afterward she too made a pilgrimage to Leghorn, to perform a vow she had made on her restoration to life. She never came back. Her lover met her there near the high altar in the cathedral, and one of the many vessels bound to America bore them away.

The high romance of that story—and it has elements of the highest—must not destroy the effect of it as a warning against hasty burials. But I must hasten back to my starting-point, which was somewhere in Germany, looking up an apparatus to prevent premature interment.

It was a morning never to be forgotten for its beauty when I left the cars, and stopped at Weimar, looked in on the old church-yard where Musæus, and Bodæus, and Lucas Cranach were sleeping, then wandered for an hour among the groves and gardens of the palace; found the spot, the very house and room and table and chair where Goethe lived, and wrote, and died; gazed in silent awe at the walls that sheltered Schiller, and where he too breathed his last; and then walked out of the town to the cemetery, and through its wide avenue, bordered with flowers, to the tomb of the royal family, a marble mausoleum where the Grand Duke is lying. He thought to dignify his own remains by having the two great poets laid, one on each side of him; but court etiquette forbade that kingly dust should be near to that of ordinary mortals, albeit the dust was of men whom titles would not ennoble, and crowns would not exalt. So the poets are stowed away one side, and the Grand Duke has the centre of the pavement for the repose of his own wasting limbs. Near the entrance to the cemetery is a long, low building, in which is kept the apparatus of which I have been speaking, and which I had so long wished to see. But again I was doomed to disappointment. The sexton was absent, and his family, who had opened the gates for our admission, would show us nothing more. This seemed to invest the matter with a little mystery, and to make the anxiety greater to see what was to be seen.

We were more fortunate at Halle. Here the old sexton, after showing us the graves of the illustrious professors of the venerable University, and the sight, to us quite novel, of deep graves with openings through which the coffins could always be seen, coffins strewn with wreaths of flowers when first deposited there, and these flowers renewed day after day, and sometimes year after year—when he had shown us these sights, and all the attractions of a German church-yard—for they do make their burial-places attractive in Germany—he conducted us to the house in which the dead are allowed to repose on their way to the grave. It is the custom of the country, and in almost all the larger towns preparation is made for it, to have such a house as this at the cemetery, and a person to attend to it by night and day. To this house the corpse is brought by the relatives, and laid upon a couch in a room well warmed in winter and well aired in summer. The body is treated with tenderness and care, as if the life might yet be trembling in it, and by being cherished might be quickened, or by neglect be extinguished forever. On each finger of each hand a thimble is placed, and from each of these a thread extends to a central thread (the thread of life indeed!), and this passes through an orifice in the wall, and there is fastened to a bell, so delicately hung that the slightest movement would set it ringing. It hangs by the ear of one who waits by day and sleeps by night, but ready to start at this summons and run to the bedside of the reviving body, that has thus unconsciously signaled its need of instant aid. The least pulsation will communicate the tremor to the thread that will thus ring the bell. Even a motion that the eye of the most anxious watcher might fail to detect is marked by this alarm! A watcher might sleep at the post of duty, and be the most soundly asleep when his help would be essential to the reviving patient. But by this arrangement, the attendant is spared the fatigue of watching, and is ever on the alert to hasten with all needful appliances the moment that his aid is required. The body is suffered to remain in this room, with these arrangements, until decomposition begins to take place, or other signs of death too palpable to be mistaken make their appearance.

I asked the old man how long he had been at this post, and he told me, "More than thirty years."

"And in that time how many persons were brought here and tested by these means?"

"More than fifty every year—one or two nearly every week," he said.

"But I see none here now?"

"No," he said; "but there is the grave in which we buried the last one, and that was taken out of here this day."

"And how many," I inquired, with some anxiety for the answer, "how many, in your service of thirty years, have you brought back to life by subjecting them to this experiment?"

"NOT ONE."

This was a comfort. Not that I was glad to hear they had never saved the life of any body, but that in a whole generation of his experience, in a town of some importance, where the custom was maintained with strictness, it had never been found that one person had come so near to being buried alive that his or her life had been saved by the discovery of the fact at this the last hour. Still there was another question to be put.

"Have you ever heard from any other places in this part of the country that any persons have been saved from the grave by this contrivance?"

"Oh yes!" he answered, without any hesitation. "At Erfurt was a case, not long since, where a man was found to be alive, after lying two or three days in the dead-house."

"Is that case well established?" I asked. "Do you know the facts, or is it merely a flying report that may or may not be true?"

Professor B——, of the Orphan Asylum of Franche, was with me, and replied that the case was well known, and he would give me the particulars as we were returning from our walks among the tombs.

There was nothing in the case more remarkable than that a man should fall into a trance, and come to himself again after a lapse of a week or two. But I found on inquiry that the case was not an isolated one. As a similar apparatus was in use in other parts of the country, and employed with great frequency, so as to become a custom of society, it is plain that there must be cases enough of restoration, the result of the experiments, to sustain the practice. Certainly it would speedily fall into neglect and disuse if it were not that "now and then" it proves the salvation of a friend. And if it does prove such an instrumentality "*now and then,*" if only one person in a generation is saved from being buried alive, is it not worth all the cost, and a thousand times more? If we ourselves, or one we love, were thus delivered, should we question the expediency of adopting the plan universally?

NOTES AND QUERIES.

A DEGREE of mental activity unknown to former times is characteristic of the present age. The same impulse that leads men to girdle the material world in search of commercial wealth is at work in the intellectual sphere as powerfully and pervadingly. The memorials, records, and traditions of old are all submitted to a critical spirit of inquiry that takes nothing "on trust" because it was once believed. The mouldering remains of antiquity are inspired with new life and meaning; the past arises before us, not a mere abstraction, but a reality, linked with the inexorable succession of the present and the future, rich in lessons, warnings, and reproofs. In history we have a Macaulay, a Grote, a Bancroft, to fill the places of the Mitfords, Smolletts, and Fergusons that sufficed for the indiscriminating tastes of our forefathers; and a moment's thought will bring to every one's recollection similar instances in the whole range of literary and scientific research. Not a book is published (scarcely a newspaper even) that does not fire a train of thought in the minds of readers, stimulating them to the further prosecution of inquiry, and inciting them to mental action that *must* be of good result to the individual, and *may* benefit the entire race.

A minor inconvenience of this spirit of investigation, which we have briefly indicated, arises from its very prevalence and success. The materials of historical and literary research have accumulated so rapidly that they have fairly outgrown the reach of individual acquisition or even knowledge. Thousands of people are now writing books in this country. Scarcely one of these can be sure that he is in a position to do justice to his subject by an acquaintance with what has been already written or collected upon it. The student in Maine may waste days or weeks in search of a fact or a date that a reader in Pennsylvania may casually take note of in turning over a curious book or a decaying letter, but which, for want of some medium of communication, is never given to the world. Such a general and recognized medium we trust *Harper's Weekly* is destined to become; and we hope to do good service to the cause of letters by devoting a portion of its weekly issue to the inquiries, the researches, and the remarks of our literary friends. Our plan embraces the entire range of antiquarian, historical, literary, biographical, and bibliographical inquiry, and our object is to create a literary exchange (so to speak) to which every one of cultivated tastes may contribute from his superfluity, and in turn derive instruction from the offerings of others. Communications, therefore, of the abovementioned class are solicited from all who have felt the want of a similar organ, and it remains with them to say how far the idea shall be successfully carried out. The editor of the Notes and Queries has faith in the co-operation of his readers, and trusts that his own duty will be confined to the merely ceremonious one of making his correspondents acquainted with their mutual wants and acquisitions, interpolating occasionally an explanatory or connecting remark. In a word, in this unpretending shape we hope to cheer the path and lighten the toil of the lonely student; to preserve materials for the future historian; to register the memory of the thousand fugitive traits that give reality to the portraits of past men and past ages; and, at the same time, to make a readable miscellany where something noteworthy and curious may always be found.

THE OLD INDIAN BIBLE.—It gives us much pleasure to record an event that testifies to the appreciation now awarded to whatever illustrates our past history as a people and a nation. Many of our New England readers have no doubt seen, in their youth, portions or fragments of a stumpy quarto volume, usually designated by the words we have put as a heading to this paragraph, and thrown by in garrets and lumber-rooms as a thing utterly worthless and of no account. A copy of this very book, however, produced at public auction, in New York, last month, the round sum of $200, after a lively competition, at which several European bidders were represented. Its history is well known. By the painful toil of the apostolic John Eliot this volume was brought out at Cambridge (the New Testament in 1661, the Old in 1663). As the title records, it was "translated into the Indian language, and ordered to be printed by the Commissioners of the United Colonies in New England, at the charge and with the consent of the Corporation in England for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Indians in New England." Printed by Samuel Green and Marmaduke Johnston. The impression consisted of one thousand copies of the entire Bible, and five hundred additional of the New Testament. Another edition (now equally rare) was printed in 1685.

In a mere utilitarian sense, there is not a more useless book in the world. No living soul can read understandingly a line of it. The race for whom this weary labor was undertaken has died out, leaving neither name nor memory in its ancient seats. Yet as it is undoubtedly true that every feeling raising us above the actual tyranny of the present, is a triumph of mind over matter, we rejoice that a higher range of view is taken of such an object. The man of imagination and cultivated taste sees in the blurred letters and fading leaves of this volume, not so much mere paper and type, but what, in the emphatic words of Dr. Cotton Mather, was "the only Bible that ever was printed in all America from the very foundation of all the world." He sees a visible record and relic of the ten years' toil of the translator, and the three years' labor of the printer, at last crowned with success, in the production of a work (in the words of Isaiah Thomson, the historian of American typography) "even at this day (1810) one of great labor, and one that must, at that early period of the settlement of the country, have been considered a business difficult to accomplish, and of great magnitude." The rise in value of this book is remarkable. The present copy came from the library of the late Lord Kingsborough (the author of the great work on Mexican Antiquities). At the sale of his collection it brought £3 3*s*., and was purchased by Mr. Corwin (the late possessor) in England, for £4, in 1842. A few years earlier a similar copy was sold for £2 12*s*. at the sale of Mr. Heber's library. Mr. Corwin's library (sold in New York, November 10th last, and following days) was very rich in articles of interest for the American collector, nearly all of which brought higher prices than were ever previously known.

SALE OF PERIODICALS IN THE LAST CENTURY.—In these days, when the circulation of newspapers and magazines is estimated by the hundred thousand, it is curious to compare with the present the accounts of former times. Sir Richard Phillips, who was for forty years a distinguished publisher in London, gives the following evidence as to the sale of the magazines of his time: "The 'Gentleman's Magazine,' in its days of popular extracts, never rose above 10,000; after it became more decidedly antiquarian it fell in sale, and continued for many years at 3000. There was also a lighter work, the 'European Magazine;' and one better selected, called the 'Universal Magazine,' both of which sold also to the latter extent. These were the periodicals with which I had to contend when I began the 'Monthly Magazine,' in 1795; but till 1824, when I sold that work, the average regular sale did not exceed 3500 or 3750.

"The veriest trifles, and only such, move the mass of minds which compose the public. The sale of the 'Town and Country Magazine' (which in 1790 reached to 15,000 copies per month) was created by a fictitious article called Bon Ton, in which are given the pretended amours of two personages, imagined to be real, with two sham portraits. The 'Ladies' Magazine' was in like manner sustained (from 16,000 to 22,000) by love tales and its low price of sixpence, which, till after 1794, was the general price of magazines."

FICTITIOUS BIOGRAPHY.—Biography has been incurably adulterated by manufactured tales. Lord Orrery relates, as an unquestionable occurrence, that Swift once commenced the service, when no one except the clerk attended his church, with "Dearly beloved Roger, the Scripture moveth you and me in sundry places," etc. This trait was long believed, but Mr. Theophilus Swift afterward discovered the anecdote in a jest-book which was published before his great kinsman was born; and the Dean, whose boast it was that he had never been known to steal a hint, was not the man to borrow a jocosity as paltry as it was profane. A host of stories, centuries old, have been told in the same manner of the celebrities of each succeeding generation, and very probably no more true of the *first* person to whom they were applied than the *last*.—*Quarterly Review.*

A TRADITION OF ROTHERHITHE.

IT was a still autumn evening, about fifty years since, and a strong ebb-tide, which was just on the turn, had shrunk the waters of the Thames to their lowest estate, when the skipper of a vessel, arrived that day from a foreign port, and anchored opposite Rotherhithe, put off for the shore. Rotherhithe was then little more than a desolate collection of fields, enlivened by a few public-houses and laborers' cottages; but dreary as it was, and more dreary still for the evening shades that were rapidly darkening over it, it was a link in the chain of old recollections that carried his heart home, and leaning forward on his seat, his eyes fixed on the darkening shore, to which it required but a few strokes of the sculls to carry him, the skipper indulged in the visions prompted by such feelings. Scarcely had the boat grazed upon the shingles, when he jumped from it, and only waiting to give hurried orders to the rowers to await him there at eleven, he hastened up the shore, his eyes restlessly wandering round him in search of the realities of those shadows with which memory had soothed his absence.

The two rowers looked after their chief as he hastened on; but suddenly they observed him stop, and thinking that something was amiss, they ran after him. The skipper had not fallen; he was stooping down, and as they came nearer, they saw that he was endeavoring to disengage his foot, though they could not at first distinguish what had entangled it.

"Curse the chain!" he cried, rising, and shaking the foot violently in an effort to extricate it. It was one of the old-fashioned chains with long and large links, attached to a buoy, and left uncovered by the ebb-tide, and into one of those links he had struck his foot with a violence that had sufficed to jam it tightly into a space it could not otherwise have entered. The impetus had carried the link over the widest part of the foot, which had thus become so tightly wedged that he could not remove it. The eyes of one of the sailors danced with mirth, though there were no audible demonstrations of it, as he thought how neatly the skipper was caught as in a trap.

"Come, Bob, lend a hand," urged the other, reproachfully; "now, Sir, twist the foot carefully out, while we hold the chain." But it was more easily said than done; the skipper did twist the foot, and that with a force that ground the bone against the iron, but to no purpose.

"Let me try," suggested Bob. "Bill, you hold the chain. Now, Sir, slow and steady;" and as he spoke, he endeavored, first by a twist, and then by a wrench, to draw it out; but though he continued this operation till the skipper execrated his clumsiness, it was with no better success. Bill rose to his feet with a sigh, and scratching his head, regarded the foot askance, while Bob, still on the ground, entreated permission to give it "just one more grand wrench;" and the captive, finding his own efforts availed nothing, consented to the trial. It *was* a grand wrench th t Bob gave it; but it was without result, excep in the cries and expletives it drew from the sufferer. Bob also rose to his feet, quite puzzled what to do next, while the skipper again struggled fruitlessly in the iron toils.

There were but few people about; but by this time some two or three had collected round the unfortunate skipper: they seemed to consider it a good joke; and it was in a voice interrupted by laughter that one of them advised that the boot should be cut away. "Ah! that's the legal way of doing it," assented another: "the foot is got into Chancery—of course it must strip to get out again." The sufferer did not appreciate the joke; he did not indeed hear it; and Bob, who had by this time found the grave side of the case, checked the flow of merriment by remarking to the last speaker, that "it would better become a Christian and a waterman to fetch a light than to look on a fellow-creature's misfortunes like a land-lubber—only to laugh at 'em." Without further notice of the reproach, the man obeyed the intimation, and running to the nearest public-house, brought a lantern. He had found a moment to proclaim the curious case, and was accompanied on his return by not only "the company" at the public-house, but as many of its residents as could possibly be spared; and the operation of cutting the boot away was performed by the skipper himself under the observation of twenty or thirty pair of eyes. "Now!" was the general exclamation when this was done, and the event of the subsequent trial was anxiously awaited. It was vain: the foot would not pass. The skipper himself struggled to drag it through till, with the pain and the exertion, the sweat poured from his forehead; and his lips quivered as he set them in the stern effort. It would not pass through that prison-link; and when the victim gave over the attempt, and stood up to wipe his forehead, and consider what further means to try, there was no laugh; not even a smile rewarded the suggestion of a young girl, "that some one should cut the chain." "Better get a chair for the gentleman," observed a woman with a baby in her arms; "he's quite ready" (she meant ready to faint), and the girl ran away to procure one; but before it was brought Bill had been obliged to support him. He was seated, however; and some one having brought a glass of brandy, he swallowed it eagerly, and was soon able to renew his struggle with his iron captor, but to no better purpose than before; and again he intermitted his struggles, and looking round among the gradually increasing crowd, said: "Will some of you go for a surgeon?" "I will, Sir," said Bill, eagerly, and off he started at the top of his speed. Meanwhile the skipper leaned back in his chair, and the crowd silently looked on, or glanced at each other with wonder, perplexity, and pity. It was half an hour ere the messenger returned, accompanied by the first doctor he could find, as he said. It was a chemist, who, in truth, knew little of medicine, and less of surgery; but he pressed and rubbed the foot, asking if that hurt it, and then shook his head in approbation of the assent so wisely, that the crowd looked on in wondering admiration and anticipation of what he might do next.

"I'd bleed it," observed a burly man from the front rank of observers.

"It is what I propose to do," observed the chemist, gravely, as the patient approved the suggestion; "but," he continued, feeling in his pocket, "I have not my lancets with me. Thank you," he went on in answer to Bill's offer to fetch them, "I must go myself; my wife will not give up my surgical instruments to a stranger."

Meantime, the rumor of his strange accident had spread far and wide through Rotherhithe, and persons of all classes crowded to the spot; some had brought lanterns with them, and one who had made a circuit by the river in order to approach, held up the blazing link he carried, which threw a strong light over the chief person in the scene. He was very pale, and his eyes wandered restlessly, but there was a slight smile on the lips.

"Bless me, what a time that doctor is!" cried the woman with the baby. "Sal, you run and see if he's coming," she continued, addressing the girl who had fetched the chair, and who instantly started off on the run; but it was more than a quarter of an hour before she returned with the chemist, who with due ceremony and importance took out from the formidable array of surgical weapons one small lancet, and having made the necessary preparations, amidst the breathless silence of the crowd, proceeded to bleed the foot. The doctor, having entertained some doubts as to the issue, was greatly relieved by finding that venous and not arterial blood followed the stroke of the lancet, and watching the bubbling blood complacently, thought not of stopping it till warned by a caution from the crowd not to bleed the man to death; but before the bleeding was stopped, the skipper insisted on trying once more to extricate the foot. Again and again he wrenched, struggled, twisted his foot, amidst the exclamations, encouragement, and cheers of the rapidly increasing crowd. The bone was not reduced in size—it seemed rather enlarged—and his struggles only increased the irritation; till at length, with a sigh of exhaustion, the skipper leaned back in his chair and ceased to strive.

"If," suggested the chemist, "if the foot were now left a short time in its present position, I have no doubt the irritation would subside, and the swelling abate."

"I'd foment it," said the woman with the baby.

"I was going to propose it," said the chemist shortly; and twenty persons started for flannel and hot water, including the Sal before mentioned.

The tide had by this time risen to within half a yard of the chair. A murmur ran through the crowd, and at length reached the ears of the skipper: "The river is fast rising; there is no time to lose." A new and horrible fear dawned upon his mind; he started up, and for one minute gazed silently over the dark and stealing waters, in which the blaze of the torch was reflected in a fiery column; the next, he turned away, his eyes glaring, and his face paler yet with horror than the bleeding had left it; and again he wrestled fiercely with his impassible foe—again he twisted, wrenched, and strained that fettered foot, till the hemorrhage, imperfectly stopped, was renewed; and it was only when the blood welled warmly over the writhing limb that, exhausted and breathless, he sunk back in his chair.

Through the crowd ran, meantime, a booming sound, composed of subdued exclamations, and agitated questions and proposals, to which no one replied. In the midst of this, the scene was suddenly darkened—the boy who held the torch leaped aside with a cry of "The water! the water!" and the next moment the rising waters dashed up to the chained foot.

"God!" cried the captive, franticly starting up, "will no one help me? Send for a doctor—call for help! Sacred Heaven! will you coolly stand by and see a man drowned by inches?"

"Never fear, Sir," said Bill, soothingly, endeavoring to reseat him—"never fear, we'll manage it yet. See, here comes the flannel and the hot water. Come, come, Sir; Father Thames is no harum-scarum youngster that does not know his own mind—he'll take his time, never you fear."

"Ay, but his time must come," muttered the skipper, shudderingly, yet half soothed.

Already had they commenced the fomentation; the woman with the baby had sent it home, and was busily superintending the operation; and the sufferer glanced uneasily from the foot to the gradually encroaching waters.

"No use in fomentation now," said the chemist, coolly, as the tide plashed on and covered the foot with the cold waters of the river.

"Never mind," cried the woman, cheeringly; "we shall do very well yet. Try, Sir, try if it won't pass now."

He did make one desperate effort, with a silence as desperate; no, not one effort only, but a series of struggles, obstinately maintained, in defiance, almost in forgetfulness of bodily torture, in the horrible probability that every moment strengthened; he wrenched and strained till the body, not the spirit subdued, he staggered back into his seat. The girl Sal, whose office it had been to renew the hot water, her occupation being now gone, rose from her stooping position to her knees, making some observation in a voice scarcely above a whisper.

"What! what does she say, Bob?" he asked eagerly, leaning forward in his seat.

"A bit of good sense, Sir!" replied Bob, with a gruff abruptness that was designed to overcome a faltering of nerve and speech he thought scarcely manly: "better leave a limb here than a life."

"You are right, you are right!" cried the skipper, his eyes lighting up wildly with a desperate hope: "let a surgeon be sent for directly."

"This gemman can do it off-hand!" cried Bill, rising smartly to his feet, and pointing to the chemist, who negatived the proposition with the observation that his practice did not lie in that direction, and Bill, with a contemptuous notice of the land-lubber, that could not spike a gun as well as load it, went in search of a more effective practitioner.

Sal hastily proposed to go with him, observing that, if he was a stranger, he would not know where to go, and Bill, in as few words, accepting the offer, they started on their errand. The crowd of lookers-on, that had gradually increased to a multitude, had been driven back several feet by the rising waters, which had already covered the ankle of the sufferer. There was a hum and a stir among them; but it was subdued. Two or three boys, in the excitement of the moment, and that of a sense of numbers, by which boys of a larger growth are often wrought upon, attempted to get up a "Hooray," but were checked by a stern "Silence!" Bob alone stood beside the skipper, cheering him with words of hearty encouragement, by which he endeavored also to overbear his own fears. In the former service, his aid was little needed. The desperate expedient on which he had determined had excited in the skipper's mind hopes that were almost assurance; and though he now looked anxiously into the gloom of the imperfectly lighted road that stretched before him for his coming liberator, and then glanced behind him at the dark waters, now covered with a heavy white mist—the former look was of hope, and the latter of defiance. There was an abrupt cheer from the crowd, checked almost in the moment of its utterance; it announced the approach of the surgeons—for there were two of them—accompanied by the messengers. They soon made their way to their proposed patient, but to approach him were compelled to enter a boat drawn up on the shingles for the purpose. The scene was imperfectly lighted by two or three lanterns, and only the outline of the sufferer's form was visible as he rose at their approach. There was a call for lights, and in a few minutes several torches brought an illumination more glaring than that of day. Bill insisting on the extremity of the case, had not delayed time by any further account of it to the medical men, than a few hurried words by the way might convey, and they were unprepared for the depth and horror of the danger now suddenly displayed to them. Its hopelessness, also, was immediately displayed to them. The water had risen nearly to the knee, and, notwithstanding a slight tinge of blood, the swelled and lacerated foot was visible through it, fixed in its iron trap.

"Thank God you are come, gentlemen!" said the sufferer; "there is no time to lose. Time and tide wait for no man, as you may see;" he laughed hysterically, and reseated himself. "Now, gentlemen," he repeated, "I am ready, and shall be happy to give old Father Thames leg-bail."

His mirth, forced and discordant, jarred painfully upon the very heart-strings of the surgeons; they looked at each other, and at length one of them observed, that, not being informed of the state of the case, they had not brought their instruments with them.

"What!" cried the skipper, shrilly, "unprepared! Then why don't you send for them? Why do you stand gaping at each other! In the name of Almighty God, send, I say!" and he stamped his free foot fiercely in the plashing waters.

"It is to no purpose; we can do nothing for you," said one of the surgeons. There was a

POLICE CONSTABLE (*to Boy*). "Now then, off with that Hoop, or I'll precious soon Help you!"
LADY (*who imagines the observation is addressed to her*). "What a Monster!" [*Lifts up the Crinoline, and hurries off.*

strange contrast between the hopeless tenor of this declaration and the calm, hopeful tone that was habitual to the speaker's professional manner.

"What!" repeated the skipper, faintly; "you don't understand me, gentlemen," he resumed, after a momentary pause. "I don't want you to extricate the foot; I want you to cut off the limb—you can do that."

"I am sorry to say that it is impossible," said the other surgeon; "we can not perform the operation under the water."

"You can not!" repeated the skipper. "I tell you, you may—you must! Is a man's life no better than a lighted paper, that you can see it crushed out so coolly. Do you see those ——? But I won't swear. I say, do you see those waters, gentlemen? Do you know that in another hour they would choke me as I stand?"

"It is quite impossible," repeated the other surgeon. "But can you not remove the foot now—the cold would shrink it. Try again."

"Ay, try, Sir—try again," said Bill; the last time pays for all."

"Are you, too, coward enough to mock the helpless?" said the skipper, sternly; "have I not tried in vain? I sit here a murdered man," he went on, folding his arms; "and if I must die, as my soul lives, I will arraign those men at the bar of the Eternal Judge!"

These words, uttered in a raised voice, reached the ears of the crowd, and indignant at what, in their ignorant zeal, they considered an unfeeling and reckless disregard of human life, a passionate murmur rose among them, mingled with angry exclamations, that were soon wrought up to a fierce excitement that threatened the lives of the surgeons; and amidst cries of "Teach them better; Give 'em a taste of mud; Show them what drowning is"—the man called Dobbs stepped forward, the voluntary organ of the multitude.

The surgeons quietly urged a few words in explanation, which Mr. Dobbs would not hear, much less care to understand.

"No time to lose in talking," he interrupted; "send for your tools. There's the doctor here," pointing to the chemist, "he'll fetch' em."

A loud cry from the crowd seconded the *recommendation*, and the skipper, with reviving hope, stood up and resumed his entreaties.

"It would be to no purpose," said the surgeon whose manner has been particularized, addressing the sufferer, "I am sorry to say we can be of no use to you."

The other surgeon, however, whether wrought upon by his own charitable hope, or by the dangerous excitement of the mob, suggested that it might be taken off at the knee, if the sufferer would consent to the amputation.

"Let me only carry away my life, gentlemen," said the skipper, eagerly, "and mangle me as you please."

The observation was answered by a stifled cheer from the multitude; but Mr. Desford, the first speaker, turned on his professional friend a reproachful glance, only uttering the word "Time" in a low voice, to which the other replied with a movement of disregard, and gave instructions to the chemist to fetch the necessary instruments. The skipper continued to stand; he was now shivering violently from the intense cold of the water in which he was immersed. Bob had this time accompanied the chemist, in order to hasten him; and Bill having brought their boat up close to his captain, many others followed his example, and the shore, to the river's very edge, was crowded with an anxious multitude of both sexes. Their excitement had reached a feverish height, and every moment was augmenting it; several females had been removed from the front ranks of the mob in violent hysterics, and the deep murmur of the male voices was varied by their occasional sobs; but they perceived Mr. Desford speaking to the sufferer, and there was a deep hush of anxious listening.

"It would be cruel to deceive you with hopes," he said; "if you can not draw the foot out, no chance of extrication now remains for you—save through the gates of death."

The words were scarcely spoken when there was a short cry, and one agonized sob from Bill's boat. It was the girl Sal, who had crushed so close to the sufferer, that her cry, in the strange tension of his nerves, seemed to strike him like a blow. He had been stunned but not convinced by the surgeon's words, and this aroused him.

"If not at the knee," he asked, with a sinking voice, glancing at the waters, which had now nearly reached that joint, "couldn't you take the limb off at the hip?"

"Impossible!" repeated the surgeon. "It is but cruel to delude you with hope: you must die!"

The skipper heard that calmly spoken but decided doom. He looked to the other surgeon—a dumb and desperate appeal for the renewal of that hope almost dead within him. The surgeon tried to smile an answer, but he turned away his head, and the wreathing lip seemed but a mockery on that face of horror. Well did the victim read it; he sank back in his chair, rather from the relaxation of the limbs than any voluntary movement. The cries of "Shame!" mingled with threats, that followed Mr. Desford's speech, were paralyzed to silence by a cry scarcely human. It was from the skipper. He had scarcely touched the seat of the chair, when he bounded up again. Well might horror change his voice; the chair was afloat, and he had plashed into a bed of water.

"God bless you, captain!" cried Bill, wiping his eyes; "it is but death after all—why you've been alongside of him thousands of times."

"It is but *death!*" repeated the sufferer, hollowly; "ay, it is a word to you, but what is it to me? chained down with those black waters rising—rising! My God, deliver me!"

A hand gently touched his arm; it was Sal, who, with a pale, earnest face, was gazing at him.

"It is not so very dreadful," she said. "My little brother smiled, and said death did not hurt him. Don't—don't take on so; it is not so very dreadful."

The sufferer's countenance relaxed as he listened.

"Will you do the errand of a dying man?" he asked gently.

The flood of silent tears she wiped away was her answer; and stooping down, he whispered a few earnest words in her ear, then taking a memorandum-book from his pocket, he wrote in it rapidly for a few minutes, and placing it in her hands, said solemnly: "Remember, and farewell!"

"I will, I will!" replied the girl.

He pressed her arm; then turning to the surgeon, said: "Will you be my executor? You will find here," he continued, understanding the surgeon's expressive silence, "a memorandum of my will, my address, and all particulars necessary; and now pray to God for me in this my struggle."

"Is there any thing more I can do for you?" asked the surgeon.

"Ah," he continued, shiveringly, "how *very* cold it is! Brandy! brandy! to thaw this ice at my heart! Brandy, I say!"

"And brandy you shall have, captain," said Bill, energetically, "or may I live upon water;" and he strided along the boat in his hurried way to the shore to fetch it. He soon returned with a bottle and a glass, into which he poured some.

"There, that is sufficient," said the surgeon, checking him.

"Fill up! fill up!" was the skipper's counter-order.

"Would you die drunk?" said Mr. Desford, expostulating with him.

"Ay, ay, captain, you shall have enough of it," cried Bill. "He has a right to do as he pleases," he continued, addressing the surgeon: "it is his own affair, I suppose."

"You would not dare to enter King George's presence if you were not sober," replied the surgeon: "your captain is going to the King of kings, would you send him there drunk?"

"No, no; I don't mean that," said Bill, in a subdued tone; "but it's hard to refuse it to a fellow-creature, when there's no other comfort left him."

He was interrupted by a cry from the multitude on the shore, announcing the return of the messengers with the surgical instruments; but even the surgeon who had sent for them now showed no thought of using them: the waters had risen several inches above the knee; but the multitude still retaining their belief in the possibility of amputation, the lives of the surgeons were becoming endangered by their desperate excitement. Bill, who saw too clearly that all hope for his captain was gone, suggested that it was advisable that they should, in his own expressive phrase, "bolt" by the way of the river—advice very rapidly taken. The skipper pressed the hand of Mr. Desford when that gentleman grasped his, at his departure, but his eyes roved bewilderedly, and though he echoed the adieu, it was with mechanical indifference. The boat in which the surgeons were standing was, by the aid of a bribe to the boatman, almost imperceptibly paddled out of the circle of jostling vessels, and they were soon in the gloomy security of the mid-stream. What need to proceed inch by inch in the description of the approach of that which the reader perceives to be inevitable. Gradually, but surely, those gloomy, those relentless waters stole on: they reached the waist—they covered the shoulders—they drew a cold and strangling circle round the throat—they bubbled from the lips, though the neck was strained in the effort to raise them above the blindly hastening flood. Who shall describe the horror of the multitude, that from the land and from the river looked on powerless, while the mighty waters, like an inevitable fate, swallowed up, limb by limb, a living being! At length there came one strong, one desperate cry from the sufferer. It was his last: the waters closed over his mouth—they rushed into his nostrils—there was a struggle, a deadly struggle beneath them for a few moments, and then stillness—the stillness of death!

A DELICATE EXCUSE.

LADY OF THE HOUSE. "We are sadly short of Gentlemen, Captain Fitzdrawle. Pray let me introduce you for the next Galop."

ABLE-BODIED SWELL. "Aw—tha-a-a-ank you, no—aw—fact is—aw—I've given up Gymnastics—they—aw—disawange one's Dwess so!"

CHRISTMAS, 1856.

I.

As journeying toward Jerusalem
Our Lord to Bethphage came,
Great multitudes along the way
Sang anthems to His name;
With emblems of rejoicing too
They flocked their King to greet,
And cutting branches from the trees
They strewed them at his feet!

II.

'Tis thus we rifle wood and field,
And each green thing employ
To deck the church at Christmas times,
In token of our joy;
And when the pleasant task is done,
We join with one accord,
And sing beneath the arches green
Hosannas to the Lord!

III.

Come, then, the festival is near!
Ye men and maidens fair
Bring holly, fir, and misletoe,
And for the work prepare!
Let fairy fingers quick festoon
The altar and the screen,
And fringe the font and chancel-rail
With chains of evergreen.

IV.

Up higher! up! far, far above
The pointed window-frame
Nail fast the heavy cedar wreaths—
Then with a nobler aim
Mount to the cornice overhead
On lofty ladders—thus—
And write in letters large and bright,
"EMMANUEL, GOD WITH US!"

V.

And on the pulpit-panel place
The blessed cross in green,
And let the Star of Bethlehem
Upon the desk be seen;
Then to the choral-baluster
With hoop and wreath repair,
And wrap the dear old loft around
With tokens rich and rare.

VI.

And still above the altar-screen
Three Gothic arches raise—
And in the centre, lifted high,
The burnish'd cross shall blaze!
Now to the lamps along the walls,
And wreathe them every one—
And lo! the church in beauty stands!—
The task of love is done!

VII.

Within this dear old fane the hours
Have sweetly passed away—
And should we mingle here no more
Another Christmas-day,
God grant, when this loved house shall fade
Upon these failing eyes,
We meet in one not made with hands,
Eternal in the skies!

BURNSIDE, *Easton, Md.* C. C. C.

FROM OUR ITALIAN CORRESPONDENT.

FLORENCE, *Dec.*, 1856.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—This city, at all times noted for being a menagerie of lions, living or dead, has already received a considerable addition to its usual stock, with a promise of increase. Among the arrivals for the winter is Lord John Russell and his father-in-law, Lord Minto. The insignificant little person of the former, whom you might mistake for a wizened, dust-dried cicerone, added to the revolutionary antecedents of 1848 of the latter, keep the police and petty court here in a state of constant perturbation. They see frightful shadows in the most innocent faces. Upon the opening of an amphitheatre in the piazza Maria Antonia with a medieval show, taken from the Republican annals of Italy, the Grand Duke insisted that the proprietor should *pay* for five hundred troops for fear of a demonstration from the unarmed crowd, mostly women and children. The poor man, whose losses had already driven him well-nigh to despair, at this fresh requisition, given, too, after his placards were up, under the sanction of the police, his troupe, numbering five hundred, engaged, etc., after expostulating to no purpose with the Grand Duke, left his presence and jumped into the Arno and drowned himself. Public sympathy for him all but provoked the result the government dreaded.

Both Macaulay and Gladstone are looked for. Thackeray has signified his intention of coming to post himself up in art matters for his forthcoming novel, which is to treat of artist-life. His specialty, judging from the past, would not seem to be in this vein. Mr. and Mrs. Browning have returned for the winter. Both have been liberally paid by their American publishers, Mr. Francis, and Ticknor, Fields, & Co., for the advance proof-sheets of their works, and are much gratified at their appreciation by American readers. An English clergyman of note says of her recent poem, Aurora Leigh, it is quite unfit for lady readers. I am sure lady readers will judge of this for themselves. It has not yet arrived here, but all who know the author must feel that such a criticism could proceed only from the distorted mental vision of the critic himself. To the nasty, all things are nasty. Browning himself is engaged, not in rewriting Sordello, as the American papers have announced, but in *expanding* it, by which its previously too condensed ideas will become appreciable to the general reader. A no less critic than Rosetti considers this poem by far his finest as it is. Its rebuilding by Browning, in which he uses all the old material, will test the soundness of this judgment.

Bulwer Lytton praises highly the new poems privately printed by his son. His first essays, as Owen Meredith, were considered as a dilution of Browning and Tennyson; but these last have gained for him, among some able judges, the honor of being called the Petrarch of his age.

I heard an anecdote of Emerson the other day while on his Italian tour, twenty odd years ago, which amused me. A friend met him as he was leaving Venice:

"You seem in a haste to get away," said he.

"Yes," replied Emerson, "it reminds me too much of a *freshet*."

The Trollopes are decidedly a literary family. Her two sons have both published quite recently—the one, a successful religious novel, and the other, "The Girlhood of Catharine de Medicis;" while the old lady, now in her seventy-ninth year, has put forth her *last* novel, it being her valedictory with her pen. She is as hospitable and intelligent as ever. Her work on America created a prejudice against her that has prevented her from being as favorably known in our country as her merits deserve. Few, perhaps no female authors have been so pecuniarily successful as she, and she began at an age when others usually leave off. Her first book was written when she was *forty-five*, under the spur of necessity. Since that time she has produced some one hundred and twenty volumes, for which she has received from her English publishers by contract one hundred thousand dollars, but a large family and expensive tastes have consumed her earnings as fast as received. One of her most successful novels she wrote at the bedside of a son dying with consumption, being obliged to fulfill an obligation while nursing, as only a mother can, the invalid, who was a young man of rare promise. Her domestic bereavements have been frequent.

Another of her novels was written in three weeks, upon finding herself unexpectedly out of funds, after binding herself to go to Vienna to write a work upon the society of that capital. It sent her to Vienna, and, in the end, made her a host of German enemies. The following anecdote is characteristic of her habits:

At one time she lived in London, giving expensive dinner-parties, etc., and, as usual, not thinking of her exchequer until it was empty. Chickens at a guinea the pair, with peas and other luxuries out of season of the London market, were not long in draining it, and the old lady began seriously to set about a reform. She called a family council to overhaul her bills and detect the cause of her financial embarrassment. At last, after poring over them for a few minutes, she threw them down upon the table with a triumphant air.

"I have it," says she—"don't you see? look here—it is all owing to the *potatoes*; there are more potatoes than any thing else in these bills!"

From literary matters I will turn to a subject all men appreciate, viz., good bread. In America it is unknown. Your substitute of hot, heavy, pearl-ash-seasoned rolls, made of over-sifted or adulterated flour, badly baked, is as unlike genuine bread as Thames water is like your Croton. The Americans are rapidly losing their stomachs and teeth from bolting these farinaceous poisons. Good bread is not so rare in Europe. By-the-way, it is always eaten cold. But Florence now can boast of the best bread in the world. It has been brought about in this wise: Signor Peruzzi, formerly embassador to Paris, and who has held the highest civic honors of his native city, becoming disgusted with the craft and dirt of the Tuscan bakers, set about a reform; first, by growing his own wheat, cleaning and grinding it; and, finally, by his chemical knowledge, by making his own bread. As an improvement upon kneading the dough by naked men, as practiced here, he invented a machine for manipulating it. The result was a thoroughly-baked, light, easily-digested loaf, not of snowy whiteness and ashy dryness, as is the aim of French and American bakers, but of genuine bread color and consistency—a pure farinaceous article. His secret soon spread, and one after another demanded his loaves. Setting aside—a rare virtue in this clime—his aristocratic antecedents, he set up as a baker for the public, and now has just established a company for supplying Florence. I am sure, if he perseveres in his present course, he will realize a fortune, and increase the average of life among his fellow-citizens. Could not a Franklin of the bread-trough be found in all New York to imitate him?

So much for bread talk. What say you to a bit of ghost gossip? Mysticism is becoming the rage in many circles. What I shall relate is *true*.

A company were invited to picnic at a certain villa not far from Florence. Among them a physician and his sister, both of whom had not the slightest tinge of credulity or the marvelous in them; indeed, quite the contrary. As the doctor wandered through the park, he was attracted

by the view toward a long stone bench, on which he sat down. Accidentally turning his head, he saw a lady in a curious gray costume sitting at the other end, with her back toward him. He supposed her one of the company—a stranger to him. While he sat there she did also, but not once turned around, which excited his curiosity. She was tall, thin, and had a depressed air. He regarded her curiously for some time; but his sister calling him, he got up and went to the house with her, presuming the strange lady would soon follow. After waiting some time, she not making her appearance, he asked his sister if she saw any one sitting by him.

"Yes," said she, "a tall lady in an old gray costume, which struck me as being very odd. I supposed she was a visitor like ourselves, and we should meet her here. Where can she be?"

The brother then related his experience, and they both went out to see if they could find her. She was gone. They then went to the porter's lodge, and asked if he had seen any lady in gray come in or go out.

"Jesu Maria!" exclaimed he, crossing himself, "you have seen the gray nun. On certain days she sits on a stone bench, looking at the spot where she was buried three hundred years ago. She was very unhappy, it is said, and there was foul play. She never lets any one see her face."

And he crossed himself again as he told all he knew of her.

Something similar to this occurs in a certain canton in Switzerland, under a particular tree; but children only are able to see the phantom. Ruskin, the art-author, wishing to test the truth of this, hired a child of about ten or twelve years old, from a different part of the country, to go with him to the scene, of course keeping him wholly ignorant of his motive. When they arrived at the village he took him to walk, and strolled toward the tree in question. At a certain distance he asked him what he saw.

"I see a woman," said he, "standing under the tree."

Keeping hold of his hand, he drew him nearer, when the child began to manifest terror, and refused to go farther.

"What's the matter?" asked Ruskin.

"It turns toward me," he said. "It has got no eyes—only two holes in its head!"

And he was so overcome with fright that he was obliged to lead him away.

The tulip mania of Holland has become an historical fact. The plate mania of Italy bids fair to surpass even that folly. I do not mean by that term to speak lightly of the arts of a former age, but of the present rage attending the collection of the earthen-ware manufactures of Central Italy of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, known as Majolica. Their grotesque designs, rich irised coloring (the knowledge of producing which is now lost), their family associations, all make them interesting and worthy of preservation in public or private cabinets. But, in general, the degree of ugliness in figure, and the Chinese-like ignorance of drawing and perspective they exhibit, deprives them of all artistic value. They display the predominant art-ideas of their age in their subjects, which are religious, mythological, amatory, historical, or merely fanciful. Specimens of this earthen-ware have always been more or less abundant, bringing prices varying from a few dimes to as many dollars. Now amateurs of the curious and artistic, having wearied themselves with Etruscan, Grecian, and other fields, have opened this as a novelty. Among them are such collectors as the Baron Rothschild, and men of like means. The consequence has been that, from a few dollars, these dishes have gone up to hundreds, and even thousands. I am shown one which the owner considers the finest of its kind, for which he asks $2200. Another set of sixteen is held at $13,000, and similar prices are actually given. I know of a little cup of Venetian crystal recently sold for 5000 francs. The rage has extended to the curious specimens of Venetian handicraft in glass. Articles so frail that a breath could overturn them, of fairy-like delicacy of color and form, such as workmen now have neither the knowledge nor ambition to rival, bring prices that would have been fortunes to the artisans that made them. The Italians, of course, profit largely by this new demand for their heir-looms, but can not forego a joke at the expense of the collectors. In a recent print several of the most prominent are represented gathered about a well-known dealer, who tells an astonished John Bull that the price of the few plates he is looking at is some 2000 guineas.

"Ah, indeed!" he replies, "but there will be no money left for roast beef."

Yours, CICERONE.

NOTES ON THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CAUSE OF EARTHQUAKES.—M. Perrey, a distinguished European *savant*, has been engaged, of late years, in a learned investigation of earthquakes, and has specially examined the report of a committee of the Institute of France, on the true theory of these phenomena. From a careful discussion of several thousand of these phenomena, which have been recorded between the years 1801 and 1850, and a comparison of the periods at which they occurred, with the position of the moon in relation to the earth, M. Perrey infers that earthquakes may possibly be the result of an action of attraction exercised by that body on the supposed fluid centre of our globe, somewhat similar to that which she exercises on the waters of the ocean.

DEPTH OF THE SEA.—In a communication to the British Royal Society, Professor Forbes stated that, when engaged in the bathymetrical distribution of existing mollusks, he found that not only the color of their shells ceases to be marked at considerable depths, but also that well-defined patterns were, with very few and slight exceptions, presented only by testacea inhabiting the littoral, circumlittoral, and medium zones. In the Mediterranean, only one in eighteen of the shells taken from below 100 fathoms exhibited any markings of color, and even the few that did so were questionable inhabitants of those depths. Between 35 and 55 fathoms the proportion of marked to plain shells was rather less than one in three; and between the margin and two fathoms the striped or mottled species exceeded one half of the total number. In the English seas, testacea taken from below 100 fathoms are quite colorless. The relation of these arrangements of color to the degrees of light penetrating the different zones of depth, is a subject of much scientific interest.

COLOR OF PLANTS CHANGED BY CULTURE.—M. Pepin, "Chef de Cultures" at the Jardin des Plantes of Paris, has made some curious observations on the change of color which culture produces in plants. He has found that cultivated annuals experience a change of tint more promptly than perennial plants, for each year they are renewed through the seeds. Such a change is, however, sometimes produced in biennials and perennials, and rarely ever in ligneous species. The annual plants of Chili, Texas, and California have a strong tendency to produce varieties with white flowers, especially when their flowers produce either of the primary colors—red, yellow, or blue. The same is true of many other species introduced into France; the varieties with white color are first produced, and afterward the variegated.

AGE OF OUR GLOBE.—M. Unger, a German, is the author of a work treating of the history of the vegetable world, in which he presents some considerations respecting the age or antiquity of the earth, drawn from its rate of cooling. It is supposed that the plants of the coal period required a temperature of 22 degrees Reaumer. By experiments on the rate of cooling of lavas and melted basalt, it is calculated that 9,000,000 of years are required for the earth to lose 14 degrees Reaumer. M. Hibert puts the period at 5,000,000; but supposing the whole to have been in a molten state, the time that must have elapsed in passing from a liquid to a solid state is fixed at 350,000,000 years.

SCIENTIFIC PRIZES.—Among the prizes offered by the Academy of Sciences at Paris, is one for the best paper on the perfecting of the mathematical theory of the tides; another is for marine steam-engines, which are to be very small, very powerful, and to consume but little coal. There are also questions in mathematical and physical science, and in botany, on which papers are invited.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

DR. JOHNSON, in the fullness of his years and knowledge, was heard to say, "I never take up a newspaper without finding something I would have deemed it a loss not to have seen; never without deriving from it instruction and amusement."

About sixty thousand families in Great Britain own all the land, which is occupied by more than twenty-seven millions of people.

A subscriber writes to a Western Editor, "I don't want your paper any longer." To which the Editor replies, "I wouldn't make it any longer if you did; its present length suits me very well."

The London *Daily Times* or the *Post* costs about thirty dollars a year.

An enterprising but ignorant South American has sent to a locomotive shop in Albany for one hundred "cow-catchers." He expects to use them in taking wild cattle on the plains of Paraguay, in place of the lasso.

Macaulay states in his History of England, that no large society of which the language is not Teutonic has ever turned Protestant; and that wherever a language derived from ancient Rome is spoken, the religion of modern Rome prevails to this day.

"It is a fact," says the *Bombay Gazette*, "that the entire population of Hindostan does not average sixpence a year for clothing."

One evening, after a weary march through the desert, Mohammed, camping with his followers, overheard one of them saying, "I will unloose my camel and commit it to God." On which he took him up, and said, "Friend, *tie* thy camel, and commit it to God."

A foreign journal contains the following advertisement: "A young gentleman on the point of getting married, is desirous of meeting a man of experience who will dissuade him from such a step."

"Thy verses are eternal, oh, my friend!
For he who reads them, reads them to no end."

This brings to mind the familiar couplet:

"Unfortunate lady, how sad is your lot,
Your ringlets are red, and your poems are not."

Titles do not make men, but many men are very fond of titles. Robert Innes was a poor poet, so poor that he became a pauper and picked oakum in the work-house. Still he found time to cultivate his muse, and managed to get his verses printed on slips of paper, which he sold to those who would give him a penny. He signed his name R. Innes, O.P., and thus explained the mysterious title:

Some put unto their names A.M.
And others put a D. and D.
If 'tis no harm to mimic them,
I adds unto my name O.P.

Master of Arts, sure I am not,
No Doctor, no Divine I be,
But Oakum Picking is my lot,
Of the same clay are we all three.

A German naturalist has described six hundred species of flies, which he collected in a district only ten miles around. Twenty thousand different kinds of insects have been collected which prey upon wheat. How multitudinous must be the total tribes!

A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise shall give him no peace.

But a man who gives himself up; that is, *devotes* himself to any work, to any thing, to any name save One, in earth or heaven, is an idolator.

Abu-Horaiah was making a daily visit to the Prophet Mustafa-Mohammed, who said to him, "Oh, Abu-Horaiah, let me alone every other day, that so affection may increase; that is, come not every day, that we may get more loving."

What did Adam and Eve do when they were turned out of Paradise?

They raised Cain!

"Dr. Kalorum, do you think my darter will get well?"

"Well, if she don't get no wuss, and does get some better, she may probably get over it. That is my opinion, madam, and I think I ort to know!"

In Henry Street in this city, a short time since, a widowed lady died, leaving a son fifteen years old, who loved his mother with intense devotion. Yet when she expired he shed no tear: he followed her to the grave, and wept not there. He said little. His grief was deep and silent. He drooped and pined away, and in two short weeks was lying in Greenwood by her side.

The best capital that a young man can start with in life is industry, with good sense, courage, and the fear of God. They are better than cash, credit, or friends.

The number of college students in Virginia at the present time is said to be about fifteen hundred. In 1839 there were only one-third of that number.

Two friends met after a long absence—one had waxed fat, the other lean.

"Why," said the first, "you look as if you had not had a dinner since I saw you last."

"And you," replied the other, "look as if you had been at dinner ever since."

The State of New York at the last Presidential election polled 595,180 votes, a number equal to the votes of Florida, Delaware, Arkansas, Alabama, Maryland, Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, Vermont, New Hampshire, and California united.

The building committee of a church called upon a wealthy member of the congregation, soliciting a subscription toward a new house of worship. The sum he subscribed disappointed them, and they told him so, at the same time intimating that Mr. Jinks had given double the amount.

"So he should," said the wily gentleman; "he goes to church twice as much as I do."

"There's a gude time coming," is an expression used by Sir Walter Scott in "Rob Roy," and has, doubtless, been a long time a familiar saying in Scotland.

Sir Allan Park, an eminent English judge, once said, "We speak of our *civilization*, our arts, our freedom, our laws, and forget entirely how large a share is due to *Christianity*. Blot Christianity out of man's history, and what could his laws have been—what his civilization?"

The eccentric and celebrated preacher, Lorenzo Dow, once called on Mr. Pierce, while a member of Congress, and informed him that he (Mr. Pierce) would be sent to the Senate, then sent to Washington, but not to Congress, and afterward he would become a minister of the Gospel.

That was a fearful prayer of the infidel sailor, in danger of shipwreck: "O God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul!" But there is sublimity and beauty in that of the soldier, on the eve of battle: "O God, if in the day of battle I forget thee, do not thou forget me!"

There is too much point to be popular in this

EPIGRAM BY LA MONNOYE.

The world of fools has such a store,
That he who would not see an ass,
Must bide at home, and bolt his door,
And break his looking-glass.

But the following will have many to testify to its truth, poor fellows:

'Tis an excellent world that we live in,
To lend, to spend, or to give in;
But to borrow, or beg, or get a man's own,
'Tis just the worst world that ever was known.

Prince Alfred, second son of Queen Victoria, has gone to the Continent on an educational tour. He is "attended by Lieutenant-General Sir Frederick Stovin." One of our practical Democratic editors desires to know how Lieutenant-General Scott would look, attending upon the wants of a school-boy twelve years old!

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Friday, Dec.* 26, 1856.

THE trade of the past week has not been very vigorous. The long passages of the European steamers, the generally unsatisfactory market news received by them, and the recurrence of the Christmas holidays impeded operations. In view, however, of the close of lake, canal, and river navigation for the season, and the consequent decrease in the amount of produce being sent forward from the interior, prices of the leading commodities have been well supported, with, in some instances, higher claims put forth. Breadstuffs have been in moderate demand, at very full rates. They are not unusually abundant. Western Canal Flour, ordinary to fancy brands, closed at $6 30 @ $6 70; Southern, mixed to fancy, at $7 10 @ $8; and other grades at proportionate figures per barrel. Wheat is quiet, parties differing about prices. These may now be quoted up to $1 67½ @ $1 80 for white, and $1 41 @ $1 60 for red, of all descriptions, per bushel. The available supply of wheat, here, is about 475,000 bushels, mostly common qualities. Corn is in fair demand. Mixed is worth 69 @ 72 c.; white and yellow, 72 @ 76 c.; stock moderate. Oats range from 40 @ 50 c., as in quality, with a good supply and inquiry. There is a scarcity of Rye, at 90 @ 92; and of Barley, at $1 20 @ $1 30, for sound lots; demand limited. Cotton is active and rising. Middlings command 12½ c. for Uplands, and 12¾ @ 13 c. for Gulfs, per lb. Stock, here, about 71,000 bales. Provisions are in good request, and are generally advancing. The supply is decreasing. Mess Pork closes at $19 25 @ $19 75; Mess Beef, at $10 @ $14 75 per barrel; lard 12¼ @ 12½ c. per lb. Groceries are heavy and languid, though not lower. Rice is plenty, and selling at $3 50 @ $4 37½ per 100 lb. Wool is brisk and firm. Other articles are quiet, yet stiffly held.

The Live Stock Market is tame this week. Small receipts (2261 against 3679 the previous week) did not help prices any, as the inquiry has been spiritless. The Forty-fourth Street market quotations for Beeves range from 7½ c. for the poorest, to 14 c. for premium cattle, per lb.; average price of Wednesday, 9¾ c. per lb. Of Milch Cows the week's receipts were 154, against 303 the previous week. Demand moderate. Prices, $30 @ $70, for common to extra, each. Good cows are not plenty. Veal Calves bring 5½ @ 7½ per lb., with a moderate supply and slack demand. Sheep and Lambs range from $3 @ $6 50 for common to fair, and $9 @ $22 for extra. Supply fair; demand good. Swine are at 6 @ 6¾ c. for live, and 8 @ 8½ c. for slaughtered and dressed, per lb. Receipts only 3324, against 7087 the previous week. Demand brisk and increasing.

The supply of Country Produce is generally ample. Fruit is somewhat scarce; but Vegetables are pretty freely offered and purchased; while much activity is reported in Poultry, with an ample stock. Eggs are less plenty, and, with a fair inquiry, are advancing. Butter and Cheese are in good supply and demand. We subjoin a reliable list of the closing prices of the principal articles of Country Produce at Washington Market. *It should be remembered that we quote only the wholesale prices obtained by producers.* The wide range in the quotations is occasioned by variations in quality.

Apples, common to fair, per barrel	$2 00	@	$2 75
" good to extra, per barrel	$3 00	@	$5 00
" Dried, State, per pound	8½	@	9
" " Southern, per pound	4	@	7
Cranberries, per barrel	$10 00	@	$13 00
Dried Peaches, per pound	17	@	19
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	$2 00	@	$2 25
Potatoes, per barrel	$1 75	@	$3 25
" Sweet, per barrel	$3 00	@	$3 75
Onions, Red, per barrel	$1 62	@	$1 75
" Yellow, per barrel	$2 25	@	—
" White, per barrel	$3 00	@	$4 00
" per 100 strings	$3 50	@	—
Pumpkins, per 100	$7 00	@	$10 00
Squashes, per barrel	$2 75	@	$3 00
Washed Carrots, per bushel	50	@	—
Beets, per bushel	44	@	50
Parsnips, per barrel	$1 50	@	—
Turnips, per barrel	$1 00	@	$1 25
" per basket	19	@	25
Cabbages, per 100	$6 00	@	$10 00
Cauliflower, per dozen	$1 50	@	$2 00
Celery, per dozen	$1 00	@	$1 25
Leeks, per dozen bunches	62	@	75
Garlic, per 100 bunches	$6 00	@	$6 50
Butter, Western, per pound	12	@	18
" State, per pound	20	@	25
" Orange County, per pound	23	@	31
Cheese, State, per pound	9½	@	10½
Lard, per pound	12	@	13½
Roasting Pigs, each	$2 00	@	$3 00
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	28	@	—
" Limed, per dozen	22½	@	23
Fowls, per pound	8½	@	11½
Ducks, Domestic, per pound	12	@	15
Turkeys, per pound	10	@	15
Geese, per pound	8	@	12½
Pigeons, Tame, per dozen	$1 37	@	$1 87
Robins, per dozen	75	@	$1 00
Woodcock, per dozen	$4 50	@	$5 00
Quail, per dozen	$3 00	@	$4 00
Partridges, per pair	85	@	$1 00
Prairie Hens, per pair	75	@	$1 12½
Rabbits, per pair	31	@	37½
Hares, per pair	50	@	62½
Venison, carcass, per pound	8	@	11
" saddle, per pound	12	@	14
Bear Meat, per pound	17½	@	31¼

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Neither labor nor expense will be spared to make it the best FAMILY NEWSPAPER in the World—one whose cheerful and genial character will render it a welcome visitor to every household, while its constant devotion to the principles of right and justice shall win the approbation of the wise and the good. Its object will be to set forth sound views on Political, Social, and Moral questions; to diffuse useful information; and to cultivate the graces and amenities of life.

HARPER'S WEEKLY will contain a full and impartial Summary of the Political, Social, Religious, Commercial, and Literary News of the day. It will chronicle the leading movements of the age, record the inventions of genius, the discoveries of science, and the creations of art. It will, in a word, aim to present an accurate and complete picture of the age in which we live.

It will also give a due share of attention to the taste, the imagination, and the feelings. Its regular contents will embrace Tales, Incidents of Travel and Adventure, Sketches of Character and Social Life, and Essays upon Art and Morals.

The Publishers have made arrangements with the best American writers, who will contribute to the various Departments of the paper. The large space at their disposal will enable the Conductors to avail themselves of ample selections from the best and most healthful literature of the Old World. They will keep a vigilant eye upon the issues of the English, French, and German Periodical press, the best productions of which will be transferred to the paper under their charge.

HARPER'S WEEKLY is not intended in any way to supersede or take the place of HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. Each Periodical will confine itself to its own proper sphere; and no portion of the contents of the one will appear in the other.

HARPER'S WEEKLY will contain Sixteen pages of the size of the *London Illustrated News*, each Number comprising as much matter as an ordinary duodecimo volume. It will be printed in a form and upon paper suitable for binding; and as the pages will be electrotyped, the back Numbers can always be supplied, so that Subscribers will be able at any time to complete their files. At the close of each volume, neat and appropriate Covers will be prepared for the convenience of those who wish to bind the paper.

TERMS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY will appear every SATURDAY MORNING, and will be sold at FIVE CENTS a Copy. It will be mailed to Subscribers at the following rates, payment being invariably required in advance:

One Copy for Twenty Weeks	$1 00.
One Copy for One Year	2 50.
One Copy for Two Years	4 00.
Five Copies for One Year	9 00.
Twelve Copies for One Year	20 00.
Twenty-five Copies for One Year	40 00.

Clergymen and Teachers supplied at the lowest CLUB PRICES.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

_ EUROPEAN SUBSCRIBERS will have their Copies regularly forwarded per Mail (U. S. postage paid), upon payment of thirteen shillings sterling to SAMPSON LOW, SON, & Co., the American Booksellers, 47 Ludgate Hill, London.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE HOME JOURNAL FOR 1857. We have the pleasure to return our most grateful thanks to the readers of the Home Journal, for the greatly enlarged audience with which we have been honored in 1856, and to offer our respects, and the promise of our continued best services, for the year before us. With the privileged hearing that we have now secured, at the firesides of our whole vast country, it is only natural that we should feel additional responsibility, while, at the same time, we gird up our energies for new varieties of industry and enterprise.

The paper for the coming year is to be printed on new type, and its *pre-eminence of clearness and legibility*, so valuable to the eye and so needful for a family paper, is to be still more marked.

Our contents for 1857, we need scarce say, will be as varied as the Life with which we keep pace. Time and the ever-changing World are the great baskets out of which we pick Wisdom and Amusement as we go—the exhaustless variety of event and novelty assuring, to us and to our readers, exhaustless themes and subjects of interest.

The Editors will still continue to devote their time and abilities *exclusively* to the Home Journal.

N. P. Willis proposes, in addition to his usual picturings of home life and rural family sympathies and interests, out-doors-and-in, to give more of the LETTERS TO INVALIDS, which his experience has enabled him to write, and which have been so widely quoted; and, also, a series of PORTRAITS OF LIVING CHARACTERS.

George P. Morris, besides his usual constant labors upon the several departments of the paper, will make it the woof on which to broider first the new SKETCHES, SONGS, BALLADS, &c., suggested by the history and event of the passing time.

T. B. Aldrich has in preparation a Prose Poem, to be entitled THE ROSE OF GLEN-LODGE; and this will be published in numbers from week to week.

Besides the exclusive labors of the Editors, the Home Journal will contain:

The communications of a brilliant list of original contributors.

The core and history of new publications.

The floating stories, brief romances, sparkling wit, fun, and anecdote of the day.

Poetry, pathos, and romance.

The gossip and news of Parisian journals.

Personal sketches of the conspicuous characters of the time.

The stirring scenes of daily life.

The chronicle of news for the Ladies.

The Fashions.

The valuable information as to statistics, discoveries, and great events.

Criticisms of Current Literature.

And all that can be gathered to interest the reader, from the World's constant overflow of action and intellect.

We need not remind our readers, perhaps, that we have correspondents, wholly unsurpassed, in the fashionable society of New York, and that, through these gifted and refined "mediums," we keep apprized of all that occurs, new, charming, or instructive in the brilliant circles of city life.

For the health, the moral improvement, and the religious culture of families, we watchfully gather every new suggestion, and carefully chronicle all signs of Progress and Utility.

By unceasing vigilance and industry, and by skill acquired in long and successful practice, we hope still to keep the Home Journal undisputed as the *best family newspaper in the world.*

Terms.—For one copy, $2 00; for three copies, $5 00—or one copy for three years, $5 00—always in advance.

Address Morris & Willis,
Editors and Proprietors, 107 Fulton Street, New York.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER, AND RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY. Edited by Rev. George E. Ellis.

This work, which combines literature with theology, has always sustained a high reputation for learning and ability, nearly all the more eminent Unitarians of the day having been at different times numbered among its contributors. Papers and essays which have since been collected into distinct volumes, with the names of distinguished scholars and divines, and men of a noble public spirit, as their authors, first appeared in these pages.

Here Buckminster, Worcester, Ware, Channing, Greenwood, Norton, Dewey, and others, first found their circle of readers. The list of the writers in this series of works for the last half century, it is believed, would embrace the names of the majority of those who have been distinguished as literary men or scholars in New England; and even over a wider region, during the interval of time.

The Christian Examiner is published on the first days of January, March, May, July, September, and November, in Numbers of one hundred and fifty-six octavo pages each, at *Four Dollars* per annum.

Crosby, Nichols, & Co., No. 111 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

THE AMERICAN COMIC PAPER.

THE NEW YORK PICAYUNE. Contributed to by the best wits of the day, and the best artists are engaged. From six to twenty Caricatures and Comic Illustrations are given in each Number.

Published every Saturday, at 114 Nassau Street, at One Dollar per year; single copies, 3 cents.

W. H. Levison, Editor and Proprietor.

WOODLAND CREAM—A Pomade for Beautifying the Hair, rendering it soft and glossy as silk. For dressing ladies' hair it has no equal, being superior to any French article now in use, and sold for half the price. The use of it on gentlemen's hair causes it to curl in the most natural manner. The price is only Fifty Cents. None genuine unless signed by Fetridge & Co., Proprietors of "*Balm of Thousand Flowers.*" For sale by all Druggists.

A PERFUMED BREATH. What lady or gentleman would remain under the curse of a disagreeable breath, when using the "*The Balm of a Thousand Flowers*" as a dentifrice would not only render it sweet, but leave the teeth white as alabaster? Many persons do not know their breath is bad, and the subject is so delicate their friends will never mention it. Pour a single drop of the "Balm" on your tooth-brush, and wash the teeth night and morning. A fifty cent bottle will last a year.

A Beautiful Complexion may easily be acquired by using the "*Balm of a Thousand Flowers.*" It will remove *tan, pimples,* and *freckles* from the skin, leaving it of a soft and roseate hue. Wet a towel, pour on two or three drops, and wash the face night and morning.

Beware of Counterfeits. The great success of the "*Balm of Thousand Flowers*" has induced unscrupulous men not only to get up imitations, pretending to be the same as the genuine "Balm," but actually to use the same name. Consumers will be careful to buy none but that which has "Fetridge & Co." written on the *side* of the wrapper.

For sale by all Druggists.

WHITE TEETH, PERFUMED BREATH, AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION, can be acquired by using the "*Balm of a Thousand Flowers*"—beware of counterfeits. The immense success of the "Balm" has brought out hosts of counterfeits and impostors. Be sure each bottle is signed

Fetridge & Co., Franklin Square, N. Y.

For sale by all Druggists.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York, have just published.

DORÉ. By A Stroller in Europe. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

ABBOTT'S HENRY IV. 16mo, Muslin, 60 cents; Muslin, gilt edges, 75 cents.

HOLTON'S NEW GRANADA. 8vo, Muslin, $2 00.

ANDERSSON'S LAKE NGAMI. 12mo, Muslin, 75 cents.

A FANTASY.

BY P. W. M.

'Tis told somewhere in Eastern story
That those who love once bloomed as flowers
On the same stem, amid the glory
Of Eden's green and fragrant bowers,
And that, though parted here by Fate,
Yet when the glow of life has ended,
Each soul again shall find its mate,
And in one bloom again be blended.

If this be true, how sweet the vision
Which Fancy sometimes weaves for me,
That *thou*, amid those bowers elysian,
My lovely flower mate will be!
And oh! how oft, when time and distance,
Perchance, may part thee from my side,
Will I repine for that existence
Where Fate can ne'er our lives divide!

Macomb, Ill.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1856, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE REFUGEES:

AN INDIAN TALE OF 1812.

By Emerson Bennett.

CHAPTER I.

THE MESSENGER.

As the setting sun of the 20th of August, 1812, threw a broad sheet of burnished gold over the western heavens, from the horizon almost to the zenith, a horseman, in a green hunting frock, with a rifle resting on the pommel of his saddle, and tightly grasped with one hand, while the other held the reins of his panting and foam-covered beast, dashed swiftly through the great, dark, gloomy forest which then stretched over a vast tract of country in the northwestern portion of the State of Ohio. Guiding his gallant steed over the moist, level ground, through a dense growth of ash, elm, oak, beech, cottonwood and poplar trees, whose thickly matted branches made twilight of noonday, and darkness of twilight, he soon reached the banks of a dark, deep river, known as the Maumee, or Miami of the Lakes. Here he reined his travel-worn beast to a halt, threw himself from his back, and ran up and down the bank for the space of three hundred yards, in eager search for the ford, which he did not find. Then he looked up and down the dark stream, over which the shadows of night were fast settling, and, remounting his horse, rode him into the water, and swam him across to the opposite shore. On reaching the right bank of the river, he again urged his weary beast forward through a gloomy wood—where night had already spread her Plutonian pall, and a solemn, awful silence brooded, disturbed only by the dismal howl of the prowling wolf or the hideous screech of the ominous owl—and in fifteen minutes more he gained an opening, and drew rein at the door of an humble log-hut, through whose crevices a faint light glimmered. Throwing the reins upon the neck of his drooping beast, and tightly grasping his rifle, he dismounted quickly, and tapped lightly on the slab door.

"Who's there?" demanded a voice from within, with the intonation peculiar to the natives of New England.

"Eden Stanforth," was the reply of the horseman.

Almost instantly the door was thrown open, and exclamations of pleasure broke from two of the four persons present.

These four persons consisted of a tall, large, strong, hard-featured, muscular man, of middle age—a small, pale, sharp-featured, thin-lipped woman of forty—a long, lank, awkward youth of twenty, with peaked face, flaxen hair, light blue eyes, and freckled skin—and a plump, fair, brown-haired, hazel-eyed, comely maiden of nineteen.

"Why, Eden Stanforth, be you back already? Who on earth thought of seeing you here to-night?" said the elderly female who had opened the door, which she still held with one hand, while with the other she took the hand of the young horseman.

For young he was and handsome, possessing a fine, manly form, in the full flush and vigor of early manhood, with an open, frank, honest, intelligent countenance, an eye clear, bright, and expressive, and with curling locks rolling back from a broad, high, smooth forehead, and clustering around healthy-hued cheeks and temples.

"I hoped to surprise you, aunt," he said quickly, as he pushed in and closed the door; "for had I failed in doing so, I fear you would soon have received a surprise of a more terrible nature."

"Mercy on us! what's happened?" cried the aunt in alarm, while the others held their breaths to listen to the reply.

"First," said Eden Stanforth, "do you know that war has been declared between our country and Great Britain?"

"No!" exclaimed the uncle of the young messenger, starting up from his seat: "Is such the fact?"

"Such is the fact," pursued Eden hurriedly; "war was formally proclaimed by our government against Great Britain on the eighteenth of last June—though it is said that when the imbecile, treacherous, and cowardly old Hull marched through here, on the last of the same month, he did not know it."

"Eden, what do you mean, by speaking in such disrespectful terms of General Hull?" inquired the brother of the young man's father.

"Would that my words were daggers, to let out his heart's blood!" cried Eden, fiercely. "Oh! woe the day that such a man was appointed to command such a gallant band as he has basely betrayed and sacrificed!"

"Eden, speak! explain!" demanded the uncle, who was a man of few words.

"He has surrendered Detroit, his army, and all the forts, garrisons, and military stores within his jurisdiction into the hands of the British, without so much as permitting a single blow to be struck in our defense!"

"You don't tell me so!" exclaimed the elder Stanforth, turning slightly pale, and involuntarily clinching his hand.

"Mercy on us!" cried Mrs. Stanforth, clasping her hands in alarm: "what'll this do to us, Eden?"

"Put us to flight, aunt, to save our lives!" cried the young man, excitedly. "The horde of Indians, collected under the leadership of Tecumseh, having now no check at the North, will soon be upon these defenseless borders, to slaughter, pillage, and burn, and lay waste the country—even now I fear they are on their way hither."

"This is indeed startling news!" said the uncle, musingly; "war declared and Hull surrendered! Eden, you havn't made any mistake?"

"No, uncle—no mistake—for even I was one of the parties surrendered."

"You, Eden—you?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Tell me all about it as quick as you can!" said the uncle.

"I must be very brief, then, uncle," replied Eden, "for I have not yet been home. Here Peleg," he continued, turning to the young man before mentioned, who, with blanched features, open mouth, dilated eyes, and trembling limbs, stood listening to every word, and looking from one to the other, in terror: "here, run over to our house, and tell the news, and set them at making preparations to leave at once—say I will be with them in a few minutes."

"I—I—don't want to," said Peleg, shrinking back, and looking fearfully around him. "I'd rather not."

"Are you afraid to go?" said Eden.

"No, I ain't," replied Peleg; "but I don't see no use in going, when you're going right along yourself."

"You are afraid, Peleg! so do not deny it," exclaimed Mabel, catching up a sun-bonnet, and putting it upon her head. "I will go, Eden."

"No, no, Mabel," cried the young man, taking hold of her, "you shall not go. I will go myself in a few minutes, and Peleg White can remain, to boast some other day of what he would have done had he ever been placed in a situation of peril." And then he added, in a lower tone, and one that brought a deeper blush to the cheeks of the brave girl: "Mabel, your life is too precious to be risked without absolute necessity. Hasten to prepare every thing for our voyage, for aunt is so nervous that we can not depend upon her forethought. I must explain this matter to uncle before I go home, for you know how slow he is to act till every thing is understood."

Saying this, Eden turned from Mabel Duncan to his kinsman, and resumed:

"I was about to tell you, uncle, of Hull's disgraceful surrender. On visiting Detroit, some ten days ago, with Macy and Walbridge, with the intention, as you know, of locating some lands on a branch of the Huron River, we learned with surprise that hostilities had actually commenced between the United States and Great Britain; that Hull had just returned from Canada with his army, where he had thrown away some good opportunities of conquest; and that it was expected, as he had not attacked and destroyed Malden, the British would shortly attack Detroit. You know, uncle, I have always had some strong military predilections; and the moment I heard there was likely to be a fight within a reasonable time, in which I could participate, I resolved to attach myself as a temporary volunteer to the company of Captain Wilson, with whom I had some slight acquaintance.

"Well, to be brief, the enemy soon appeared in force, erected batteries, demanded the surrender of the fort, and, being refused, began a bombardment, which they continued all one night, with little effect. The next day, through the sheer carelessness and neglect of Hull, they effected a landing, and were marching up to attack us—and we, in glorious anticipation of victory, were eagerly waiting the signal to begin the work of chastisement—when, to our utter amazement, chagrin, and indignation, we were ordered to stack our arms, and prepare to surrender ourselves prisoners of war."

"What! without firing a gun?" cried the uncle, in astonishment.

"Yes, uncle, without one single, solitary discharge of our rifles and muskets!"

"The old scoundrel!" exclaimed the uncle.

"He deserves hanging!" cried the young man.

"Is he a traitor, or coward, Eden?"

"Both, I think! Oh, uncle, just fancy the feelings of the brave American soldiers at being thus basely deprived of their arms by their own general, and surrendered prisoners of war to a foe they could easily have conquered!"

"The man's mad, or else we've got a successful Benedict Arnold among us!" said the other. "How did you get away. Eden?"

"The British general gave the volunteers liberty to return home, but took old Hull and the regulars over to Canada. As soon as I got permission to leave, I made a search for my horse, which I found in the possession of an orderly-sergeant, who returned him to me for a small compensation. I then bought back my rifle, mounted my beast, and here I am, happily in time to give you all warning of danger."

"This isn't a safe place just now, that's a fact," said the uncle, with a serious shake of his head.

"There is danger, uncle, go which way we may; but it struck me we should be safer on the river and lake, in our barge, than in journeying through the forest, which I have reason to believe will soon be swarming with Indians, if, indeed, it is not at this moment. We will endeavor to reach some American settlement, farther to the eastward, along the southern shore of the lake—but even if compelled to take refuge under a British flag, it will be far better than falling into the hands of the savages."

"And our horses, cattle, hogs, and sheep—what of them?" queried the uncle, anxiously.

"We shall have to leave them to the tender mercies of the wild beasts and savages," answered Eden, with a sigh; "if we can even save our household goods and ourselves, it is all we can hope to do at present."

"You're right, Eden," pursued the uncle, in a tone of decision, addressing his young kinsman; "you're right, and there's no help for it. It'll certainly be best for us to take to the barge, and drop down into Lake Erie. Now hasten to get your father, mother, and sister ready for the voyage. Come, Esther—come, Peleg—come, Mabel—let's set to work at once."

"I will soon rejoin you," said Eden.

And hurrying out, he mounted his horse, and rode quickly away.

CHAPTER II.

THE MIDNIGHT DEPARTURE.

A little before midnight of the same day our story opens, a party of eight persons, four of either sex, were slowly and silently moving across a small opening to the right bank of the Maumee, where a clumsily-built barge of middling size was fastened to the shore. Seven of this party of eight were laden with different household articles, which they immediately deposited among numerous others of a similar character which had been previously brought off to the boat from their dwelling; and being now all collected on board, and having with them all they intended taking from their deserted homes, they forthwith loosed the boat and pushed it out into the middle of the stream, where, for the time being, it was allowed to float quietly down on the bosom of the current.

This party, as the reader has doubtless conjectured, consisted of our young hero, Eden Stanforth, and his father, mother, sister, uncle, and aunt, and Mabel Duncan, and Peleg White.

Having floated a short distance down the stream, Eden took counsel with his uncle and father, and it was decided the boat should be brought to an anchor some little distance from the shore, and that one should remain on the watch till morning—when, should there be no signs of the enemy, a warning message could be sent to the inhabitants above, which, in their haste to effect their own safety, our voyagers had neglected to do at first.

"I take shame to myself," said Eden, in a whisper, for it was not deemed prudent to speak in a loud tone, lest a lurking enemy might hear the sound, and so be attracted to their place of concealment: "I take shame to myself that I did not ride to Major Spofford's and give him warning, so that he might convey the news to the next, and thus spread the evil tidings, and put all on their guard."

"It ought to have been done, Eden," replied his father, "and if it can be done without too great a risk, we mustn't neglect it in the morning."

"If you think best, father, I will attend to it to-night."

"No, my son, no; you've done enough to need rest. Two days on horseback, and only one night's fitful sleep on the bare ground! Go and lie down at once, and trust your uncle Amos to watch the boat."

Eden did not require much urging to induce him to seek rest for the night; and, speaking a few quieting words to his mother, sister, aunt, and Mabel—all of whom were more or less nervous and excited—he threw himself down on a loose pile of bedding, and was soon fast asleep.

Not so the others, who were not so fatigued as Eden, and upon whom the exciting news had produced an effect calculated to banish sleep for several hours. At the request of David Stanforth, the father of Eden, who had been for years an invalid, and whose constitution was so broken and impaired as to render him unable to bear any great fatigue, they all repaired to their places of rest, where they conversed in whispers for a long time, conjecturing as to the future, and narrating occurrences of the past, till each was prepared to hear an Indian in every sound, or see one in every shadow, or in every thing having motion.

But as the night wore slowly away without presenting in a tangible shape the objects of their fears, they all at last gradually yielded to the requirements of nature; and even Peleg White, the most frightened one of the party, fell into a doze and began to dream.

Suddenly he started up, with a wild, terrified shriek; and, dropping down on his knees, and clasping his head with his hands, began to beg for his life in a most pitiful manner. His shriek aroused all parties, and was echoed by the females, who fully believed the Indians were upon them; and for a few minutes a scene of the wildest confusion prevailed.

"Fool!" cried Amos Stanforth, Peleg's guardian, who reached him first—and who, seizing him by the collar of his hunting-shirt, jerked him to his feet, and shook him till all the teeth in his head rattled: "Fool! coward! what d'ye mean by making all this here fuss for nothing?"

By this time Peleg had become fairly awakened; and as he feared his guardian in anger almost as much as he did the savages themselves, he slunk away without uttering a word in his defense.

But farther sleep for any of the parties after this was out of the question; and Eden Stanforth—who, at the first sound of alarm, had started up and grasped his rifle, ready to sell his life dearly in defense of those he loved—now turned his whole attention to quieting the nervous excitement of the females—all of whom, except Mabel Duncan, were still trembling from their late fright and apprehensions for the future.

"Come, mother—come, aunt—and you, Carrie—I am astonished you should permit such a cowardly jackanapes as Peleg White to frighten you all out of your senses. Let me entreat you to lie down again, and get what rest you can, for really I do not think there is any danger. I do not think the Indians have reached this quarter yet, or we should have heard something of them."

"From what I've heard of them, they generally move about pretty quiet," replied the father.

"Until they make an attack," said Eden, "and then they give vent to their most terrific yells. If they were about to-night in this vicinity, it is quite likely they would have attacked some of our neighbors before this, and we should have heard their death-signal."

"I don't feel altogether at ease," said the father, drawing his son aside, and speaking in a low tone, which reached no ear but Eden's; I feel strangely oppressed with something like a presentiment of danger; but keep this to yourself—not a word of it to the women folks, or we shall have Bedlam over again. Where is Peleg? That boy ought to be gagged to keep him quiet; and if any harm comes to us to-night, I shall blame him for it."

"I never yet saw a boaster that was not at heart a coward," replied Eden; "and Peleg has often annoyed me by boasting what he would do in case he should ever be so fortunate as to be placed in a position of danger."

"This is very gloomy work," said the father, "sitting here on this old boat on the river, on a dark night, watching for an unknown foe! I wonder how long it is to day-break?"

"The dawn can not be far off," replied Eden. "Look yonder, over the tree tops, to the eastward! I think I see the first streak of day now."

"The sky looks reddish in that direction, but I'm not sure it's morning," said the other. "What do you think, Amos?" he continued, addressing his brother, who was standing within a few feet of him, apparently trying to peer into the darkness, which the thick shadows of the heavy trees on the nearest bank rendered almost impenetrable to the eye.

"It's not the dawn, David, if I'm a judge," was the answer, in a low, cautious tone.

"What do you think it is, uncle?" asked Eden.

"Fire!" was the laconic reply.

"Ha!" said Eden, with a start; "then the Indians must certainly be about—perhaps have already begun their horrible work! Had we not better take up our anchor and drop farther down the stream?"

"Hush! listen!" returned the uncle, in a whisper; "your ears are younger than mine, and ought to be better—do you hear any thing?"

All listened, each holding his breath to catch the slightest sound. Each, too, turned his eyes upon the nearest shore, and strove in vain to distinguish a single object in the awful blackness, which, in that direction, seemed to rise like a wall before them. It was a starlight night, but slightly hazy; and looking directly upward, a line of the heavens could be perceived; and this line, and this only, could be traced for some distance either way, showing the course of the dark river, which made the opening in the grand old gloomy forest, whose giant trees and thick undergrowth lined its banks on either side. From the position of the boat—being fairly in the dim light of the opening, it was possible for it to be seen by any one on the nearest bank who had become accustomed to the deeper darkness of the wooded shore—but, for the same reason, it was impossible for any one on the boat, looking in that direction, to see ten feet into the gloomy shadows of the mighty forest.

"I hear only the slight rippling of the water," said Eden at length, in the same cautious whisper.

"I thought I once or twice heard the snapping of a stick on the bank," rejoined his uncle, "though it might have been only fancy."

"Would it not be well to lift our anchor, and drop farther down the stream?" again suggested the young man, with not a little anxiety, as he thought of the precious lives aboard the boat, which might possibly fall a sacrifice to an unseen enemy, even then silently preparing to begin the work of death.

"I'm of that opinion," answered the uncle. "Come, let us lift it at once."

Eden and his uncle repaired to the windlass, and were just in the act of giving it a turn, when a loud shriek from one of the females, followed by some half a dozen others in quick succession, caused them to desist and grasp their rifles in fearful apprehension; but ere they had time to spring forward to ascertain the cause of the second alarm, three of the terrified parties were at their sides, clinging to them with trembling eagerness.

"Speak, Esther—what is it?" said Amos Stanforth to his half-fainting wife.

"Oh!" replied her sister-in-law, "we all saw the head of an Indian come peeping over the side of the boat!"

The above is all of this beautiful and highly interesting story that will be published in our columns. We give this as a sample. The continuation of it can be found only in the New York Ledger, the great family weekly paper, for which the most popular writers in the country contribute, and which can be found at all the stores throughout the city and country, where papers are sold. Remember to ask for the New York Ledger of Jan. 3, and in it you will get the continuation of the story from where it leaves off here. If you can not get a copy at any news office, the publisher of the Ledger will mail you a copy on the receipt of five cents. Fanny Fern writes only for the New York Ledger; Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., writes only for it; Emerson Bennett writes only for it; and nearly all the eminent writers in the country, such as Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, and Alice Cary, contribute regularly to its columns. It is mailed to subscribers at $2 00 a year, or two copies for $3 00. It is the handsomest and best family paper in the country, and is characterized by a high moral tone.

BOOKSELLER'S AND NEWS-VENDER'S AGENCY.

We would call the attention of Booksellers and Dealers in Magazines, Newspapers, &c., &c., to our establishment. We are Packers and Forwarders of all the LEADING DAILY AND WEEKLY PAPERS, MAGAZINES, CHEAP PUBLICATIONS, NEW BOOKS, &c., &c., all of which we send to Retailers in all parts of the country at the very earliest date, and at Publisher's lowest terms.

Booksellers and Newsvenders can have their Papers, Magazines, Books, &c., &c., all packed in one parcel by us, and forwarded daily or weekly, as they may direct, thus saving Express charges and time.

We are sending out nearly *one hundred thousand papers daily.*

We refer to all the leading Publishers of this city.

We are Wholesale Agents for the NEW YORK LEDGER, HARPER'S WEEKLY PAPER, NICK NAX (comic), THE CLIPPER (sporting), Mrs. STEPHENS'S MAGAZINE, APPLETON'S RAIL-ROAD GUIDE, and other leading Publications.

Catalogues sent by Mail.

Ross & Tousey, 103 Nassau Street, New York.

ALBERT BOBBETT, Designer and Engraver on Wood, 119 and 121 Nassau Street, has a vacancy for a respectable Youth, between 15 and 16 years of age, residing with his parents or guardians, as an Apprentice.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York, have just published:

OLD WHITEY'S CHRISTMAS TROT. Small 4to, Muslin, 50 cents.